ARCH 8, 1941

VERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

ALL WE HAVE A WOMAN'S NATIONAL GUARD? by Rupert Hughes

OUR AIR LINES AND THE POLITICIANS by Morris Markey

Don't Forget Bulbs

1

HE: "Call this a comfortable home when you can't even see to read? Daphne, if you snatch the bulb from my lamp again . . . even for the kitchen . . . I'll . . ."

SHE: (crying) "Well . . . if you hadn't forgotten . . . the spare bulbs I asked you to get yesterday . . . boo-hoo!"

2

HE: "Oh boy! All those G-E MAZDA lamps for 89¢?"

MAN: (at store) "Yes, siree! And they're brighter than ever. G-E MAZDA lamps sure give you a lot for your money."

3

HE: "Ahh! That's more like it! There's nothing like having enough light for easy seeing!"

SHE: "Darling, you're so wonderful! And we're going to keep on having better light by remembering to have spare G-E MAZDA lamps in the cupboard, aren't we?"

See how little spares now cost

40, 50, 60-watts now only **13¢**

75 and 100-watts . . . **15¢**

150-watts . . **20¢**

7½, 15, 25-watts . . **10¢**

LISTEN! *G-E Hour of Charm Sunday, 10 p. m., EST, N.B.C.*

MADE TO STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

G-E MAZDA★ LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

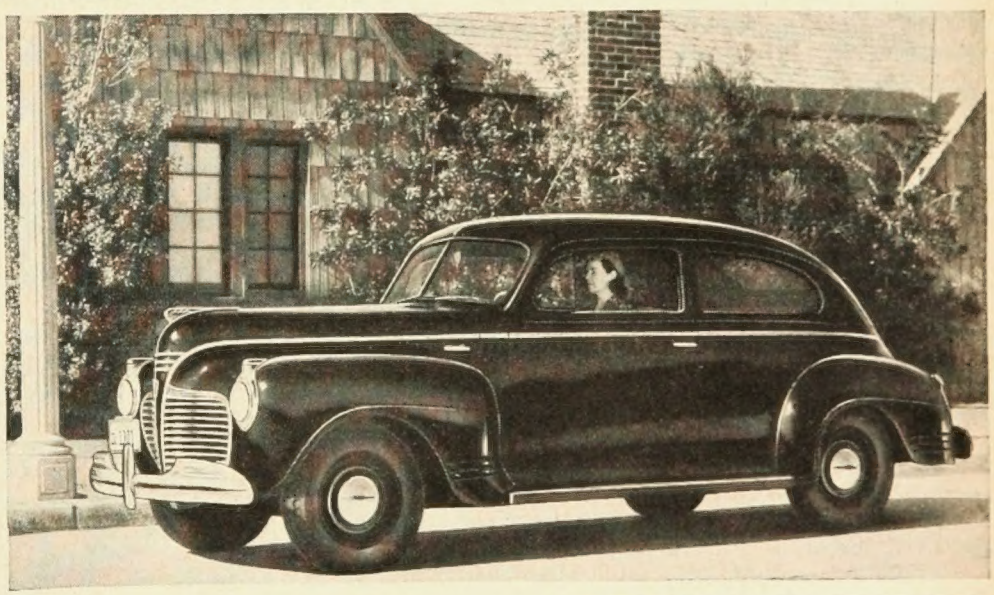
★ *MAZDA—not the name of a thing but the mark of a research service*

"SHE SAID:

'Let's Ride in a New Plymouth'

—And Plymouth's Ride Decided Us!"

Women are quick to appreciate the finer performance, luxurious new riding smoothness, delightful handling ease, and up-to-the-minute styling of this beautiful, new 1941 Plymouth.



ONE RIDE in the beautiful, new 1941 Plymouth will show you how much more this car gives you for low price!

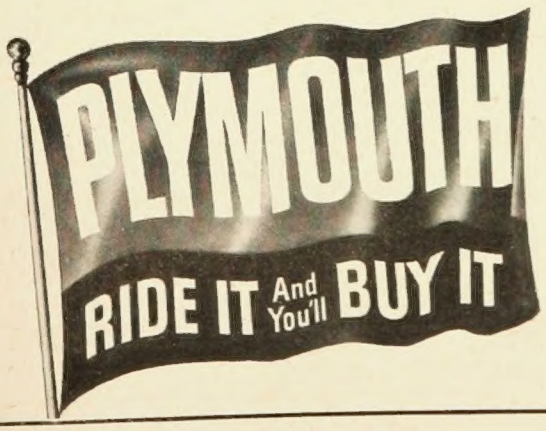
With Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance and new power-gearing, you have new mastery of hills and traffic—with less gear-shifting!

And you get the room and comfort of a 117" wheelbase! *Ride* Plymouth, and you'll *buy* it!

☞ LOOK AT 1941 PRICES OF "ALL 3" Plymouth is lowest-priced of "All 3" on many models. It's *easy to buy*. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Prices Subject to Change Without Notice

YOU RIDE surrounded with luxury in the Fashion-Tone Interior! Note the fine tailoring, rich appointments!



YOU'LL LIKE the perfect "fit" of the seats, the friendly "feel" of this Plymouth's slim, smart, new steering wheel!

Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P.M., E. S. T.

MARCH 8, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 10

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

WHY SHOULD WE HELP OUR ENEMIES?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Our efficient Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Frank Knox, has sent out a warning that should be carefully heeded throughout the nation. All publicity referring to any phase of the war in belligerent countries is rigidly censored; they tell you nothing about their preparations; the public is given no details about the various industries which furnish equipment for the army; silence and secrecy is carefully maintained.

We often see moving pictures of marching soldiers and an array of tanks and other armament when they pass in review before leading officials, but they disclose no information of value.

In this country everything has been out in the open. We have not as yet revealed the details of our bomb sight in which there seems to be so much interest, but if any foreign enemies had such a device nothing whatever would be said about it; we would learn of its value only when indicated in actual use.

Our Secretary of the Navy has warned us that hereafter we should refrain from publicizing anything which would be helpful to our enemies. They have spies, perhaps thousands of them, that pass along information of every kind that might be useful to those who envy us our freedom and our prosperity. They want to possess our riches, and, like the pirates of old, they have no conscientious scruples of the means adopted to gain their ends.

Our Secretary of the Navy tells us to avoid all publicity—unless announced or authorized by the Navy Department—on the following subjects:

(1) Actual or intended movements of vessels or aircraft of the U. S. Navy, of units of naval enlisted personnel or divisions of mobilized reserves, or troop movements of the U. S. Marine Corps;

(2) (Mention of) "Secret" technical U. S. naval weapons or development thereof;

(3) New U. S. Navy ships or aircraft;

(4) U. S. Navy construction projects ashore.

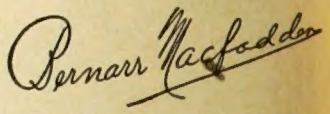
Our newsreels and various movies have publicized in detail military mechanisms that would undoubtedly be helpful to those who want to learn our secrets. Let us hope that every publisher, in fact every individual, before broadcasting any reference to our army or navy, will stop and ask the question, Will it be helpful to our enemies?

One of the criticisms of democracies made by dictators is the freedom with which we display and exploit all phases of army life. We are proud of our air force; we expect to feel the same way about our army when it is properly trained. But our policy of publicizing details of various kinds should be discontinued. The movements of our troops or ships, plans that we may have to repel invasion, should not be broadcast. The "nose" for news that reportorial experts boast about should now be materially restricted in reference to all military matters of sensational interest at this time.

We are not in the war, but we are lingering on the edge and we may tumble in any time—in fact, we may be pushed in—and the less our enemies know about our plans and our preparations, mechanically and otherwise, the better it will be for us.

We were a peace-loving nation until the bombs began to drop on women and children in England and in other countries, but now we are preparing for war, we are definitely informed of the horrors which we may have to face.

We have had a great deal to say in the past about Christian civilization, but the shocking brutalities of modern warfare have made us realize that humanitarianism is out of place in such an inferno. Human imagination could never have explored such unspeakable horrors, and the fact that we have to meet and perhaps cope with such savagery is liable to become a grim reality. Understanding as we do that we may have to face this brand of warfare or else be enslaved by those who practice it, there can be but one decision. That well known quotation, "Give me liberty, or give me death," was never more appropriate. Enslavement which means a life of labor not unlike the plodding mule's would be a fate worse than death, and unless we are prepared to fight to retain our liberties, we must be prepared to lose them.



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"If anybody's spoiling him, you are!"

A young mother solves an old problem the modern way

1. My husband's the best-natured man in the world, but he has some old-fashioned ideas about disciplining children. He feels he's got to be strict or our little boy, Billy, will be spoiled. We are always quarreling about it.

2. And yesterday, we had it out once and for all. Billy refused to take his laxative again and kicked up the usual fuss. So Ted immediately started to *force* the stuff down Billy. The child looked so scared I just flew at my husband!

3. "You and your strict ideas," I raged. "If anybody's spoiling that child, it's *you!* Look at the way he's trembling. You can't tell *me* it does any good to get a child so upset! I'm going to call the doctor and ask *him* about these laxative fights."

4. And, sure enough, the doctor said forcing a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative could shock his delicate nervous system. He said children should get a nice-tasting laxative they'd take willingly. One made especially for them—not an adult's.

5. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's thorough, yet it's always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. And so Ted said O.K., he'd get a bottle just to keep peace in the house.

6. Well, Billy took Fletcher's Castoria—and *how* he took it! He *loved* it! He smacked his lips and winked at his daddy, and I knew our laxative troubles were over. From that moment on, I've been telling all the mothers I know about Fletcher's Castoria.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

U. S. PATENT NO. 2164251

WAVEMAGNET

BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS

A NEW INVENTION—*IT'S DIFFERENT*

$29.95*

THE ONLY PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL ...PLAY...OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

WORKS ON LIGHT SOCKET OR BATTERY

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

Earphones Solve Privacy Problems

Storage space for earphones . . . (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. Listen with superior *Zenith* earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

In Airplane Cloth (including blue). The shape and size of an overnight bag styled like expensive luggage.

Under No Other Name But Zenith...

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

DeLuxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

*Western prices slightly higher.

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH

LONG DISTANCE RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

VOX POP

Is It Treason to Be Pro-American?

CHATHAM, N. J.—Some guys get me so peeved I see red, wanta start a lively little war all my own. The worst offender being the drugstore cowboy who yaps, "You gotta be either pro-British or pro-Nazi." Makes me wonder: Has our dominion status become so firmly established it is an act o' treason to be pro-American?

I hate Hitler and everything he stands for; want to see the British win. Back in '14 I expressed my convictions by direct action; served shoulder to shoulder with Tommy Atkins. And in the doing learned why England became an empire—why the continued existence of that empire is all-fired important to the future welfare of all Americans. Yet I stubbornly refuse to become a *de facto* British subject.

One of my grandsires was on Washington's staff, another was with Andy Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans: *ergo,* my keen interest in American history. Those shindies were family quarrels. If England had not been governed by a stubborn, pigheaded German king, the American colonies would have been well content to remain loyal to the mother country.

Like all strong families, the Yanks scrap with their English cousins till an outsider barges in, then we promptly forget our private grievances and gang up on the "furriners." While we can never really forgive and forget the bland, deliberate way England repudiated her First World War debt, that does not mean we will stand idly by and let the Nazi hordes crush England.

I merely insist on remaining an American.

Have long admired the way British diplomats nullify military victories. Our sin of omission has been our failure to train men capable of coping with them. Will Rogers said it: "We never lost a war or won a conference."

Awkwardly, belatedly, painfully, we will again come to the rescue, knowing full well our sacrifices will not be appreciated. When the shootin's all over, England will still be England. And if we are not mighty careful, exercise plenty of horse sense, we will wake up some fine morning and find England has adroitly recovered the colonies she lost through the stupidity of her German king.—*Roy S. Tinney, Recorder, Borough of Chatham, New Jersey.*

COLONEL PRAISES OLD SARGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have been reading with a great deal of interest your excellent feature, This Man's Army, appearing weekly in Liberty, and I have been struck by the quality of the letters and the sound advice contained in the comments by Old Sarge.

With appreciation of the very fine contribution to national defense which your magazine is making—*Ward H. Maris, Lt. Col., General Staff; Chief, Public Relations Branch.*

PITKIN'S BOOK ON THE WAY

EAST LANSING, MICH.—The series of articles recently run in Liberty, written by Professor Walter B. Pitkin, having to do with personality development, have been both interesting and valuable. It has occurred to me that many people, particularly young people, who could greatly profit from the information contained in these discussions, have not had opportunity to do so.

It would seem that a brochure could be prepared from these articles and same made available to many who would greatly profit from such a compendium. —*Fred T. Mitchell, Dean of Men, Michigan State College.*

[We understand that the articles soon are to be brought out in a book by Professor Pitkin.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CHARLIE NOBLE STOVEPIPE

U.S.S. DORSEY, HONOLULU, T. H.—Spike Marlin, answering Question 29

(December 28 Liberty) concerning a ship's stovepipe (Charlie Noble), states, "Who the original Charlie was, nobody knows."

For the information of Spike and Vox Poppers, there was a captain in the British Merchant Marine by the name of Charles Noble whose ship's stovepipe was of copper and on which he always required a high polish.

When sailors saw a ship with a highly polished galley stovepipe, they would exclaim:

"Here comes Charlie Noble."

Soon all sailors called the stovepipe a Charlie Noble.—*H. W. Jones, B. M. 1st class.*

PREDICTING HITLER'S DEATH

BELLAIRE, OHIO — Prognostication: I have read Hitler's Mein Kampf, the trend of the present war, checked up on a little bit of history, and then I dusted off the old crystal ball and gazed deeply into its panorama of things to come. Here's what I saw:

Hitler being assassinated at Istanbul, Turkey, on June 5, 1941.

All right! All right! All right! So

it is a screwy idea. But don't forget Hitler is the screwiest screwball of all the screwballs! Anyway, don't say I didn't tell you.—*John P. Decker.*

[In our February 22 issue van Paassen told us why Hitler thought he would die this year; but Mr. Decker goes one better in calling the place and date of death. We might add that we've found crystal balls are often cracked!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

VANDERBILT VINDICATED

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has been knocked good and plenty for his Is Hitler Militarizing Mexico? (September 14 Liberty) and there were scoffers in your own pages (November 2 and January 4 Vox Pop).

I have also heard people say he was a longbow artist when he told of the Nazi penetration of lands below the Rio Grande. Well, what do these scoffers have to say about the January 11 I. N. S. wire which read: "San José, Costa Rica. Discovery of a cache of light arms, stamped with the Nazi swastika, at a point forty-five miles south of San José was announced by Costa Rican authorities"?

It is to laugh—if it isn't to cry!—*James B. Madison.*

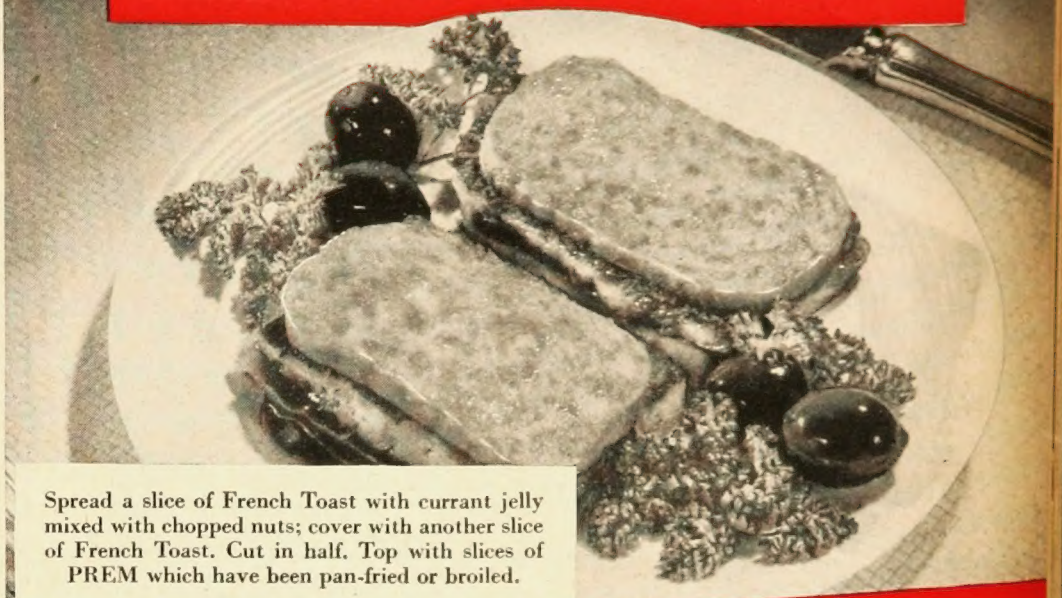
ALL FOR ONE, VETS!

MIAMI, OKLA. — I salute Emil E. Holmes of Minneapolis (January 11 Vox Pop) with his idea that all veteran organizations must work in unity without racial, religious, or political lines. —*G. Tennent Moss, Chairman, Americanism Committee, Dept. of Oklahoma, Veterans of Foreign Wars.*

FIRE INSURANCE "RIDER"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In regard to the article, What Is Your Fire Insurance Policy Worth? by George E. Sokolsky (January 25 Liberty), there is one error I'd like to point out. It is unnecessary to get a new policy every time you move, since a change in

Name this hot PREM sandwich!



Spread a slice of French Toast with currant jelly mixed with chopped nuts; cover with another slice of French Toast. Cut in half. Top with slices of PREM which have been pan-fried or broiled.

$1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES $25.00 EACH

FIFTY PRIZES $5.00 EACH

Copr. 1941 by Swift & Company

Clip the Recipe above; serve this delicious hot PREM sandwich to your family. Then just suggest a good name for that sandwich. When you've tasted it, names will come easily. And just look at the splendid prizes! In case of ties, full amount of prize will be awarded each tying contestant.

No labels to send in. To get into this PREM contest, secure an Official Entry Blank from your dealer. Submit one to three names for the sandwich in spaces provided on the blank. Contest limited to three names per person and all names must be sent on an Official Entry Blank. Get yours from your dealer today.

PREM, the grand new meat that Swift makes, tastes marvelous hot or cold. Your whole family will cheer this sandwich, and no wonder. Made of genuine sugar-cured pork, PREM has the extra goodness you expect from Swift.

Contest closes Mar. 15, 1941. No more contest announcements will appear in this magazine, so get going now. Ask your dealer for an Official Entry Blank . . . try the PREM sandwich *now.*

A SWIFT'S PREMIUM BRAND MEAT
Prem
NET CONTENTS INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ
INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

RULES AND ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR DEALER'S

BY THE MAKERS OF SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

Prem!

A delicious meat all ready to eat... made of *genuine sugar-cured pork!*

DO YOU
Bathe Internally?

Thousands of enlightened Americans do take Internal Baths and attribute their vigor and eagerness for the duties of the day to this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste.

They realize that nobody is really clean whose bowel is a receptacle for a foul and putrefying mass of "delayed" material. As long as waste is allowed to linger in the colon we will be frequent victims of that half-sick, half-alive feeling. Certainly, there can be small expectation of efficiency, vitality and that feeling of well-being if one is afflicted with constipation.

It would be folly to disregard what proper living would do in the development of normal intestinal action. But until right living is universal, other means must be found to stimulate the fecal stream. It is unnecessary to make the intestinal tract a slave to harmful or horrible-tasting laxatives or cathartics in order to cleanse thoroughly the large intestine.

What is more sensible than to use nature's greatest cleansing agent—pure warm water—to wash away delayed waste? No loss of time, uncertainty of action or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. You achieve immediate results. Non-habit forming, its use tends to restore the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

Do not confuse an Internal Bath with the enema. They are no more alike than a kite and an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

Investigate the merits of Internal Bathing through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade. You may find its drugless relief a godsend. It's all explained in an authoritative 24-page booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This helpful booklet is free. You may have a copy by filling in coupon below NOW.

----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE----

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. L.3-8
New York, N. Y.

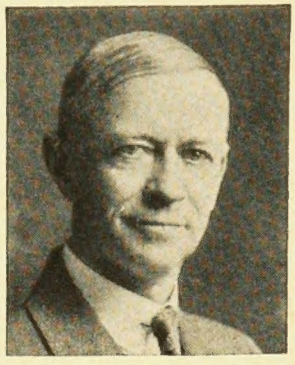
Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally".

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING



"I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.*"

A. L. DANIEL, M. D.,
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * * *

I want to tell you how I am getting along with the J.B.L. Cascade. As you know, I have been using it for only three weeks, but already my eyes have a brighter luster, my step is surer and springier, my sleep is better, my appetite is better and everything that I eat digests finely. I am less bloated.

MR. JAMES E. BATTENFIELD,
610 So. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * * *

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case.

I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

MRS. OLIVER ROYLANCE,
R.F.D. No. 1, Waterford, New York.

* * * *

We are pleased with our J.B.L. Cascade and use it every time we feel the need. Certainly don't believe a home is complete without one.

MR. L. GEBHARD,
865 Monroe Street, Denver, Colo.

* * * *

"There is no doubt, I am securing a great deal of benefit from the Cascade treatment, for I am for once sleeping the night through. Also eating a good meal and really enjoying it. Too much cannot be said of the real benefit I am receiving from the use of your Internal Baths."

CHARLES C. RIDER,
Box 842, Lindsay, Calif.

* * * *

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

MRS. ROY BROWN,
c/o A. Fiske, 3929 Bronson Blvd.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

* * * *

I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

The above testimonials are only a few of the many that we have received from thousands of J. B. L. Cascade users—men and women of all ages, all walks of life. Perhaps you, too, might benefit in the same full measure if you suffer from constipation.

address can be made by a rider (or endorsement).

As a whole the article should be quite profitable to the public; facts were very well explained. This article is a great help to me as a broker, since I'm saving it to show to my clientele.—*Samuel H. Kozel.*

CONDITIONING DRAFTEES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—This town has instituted something worth imitating far and wide. The Playground and Recreation Department invites draft registrants to join conditioning groups. Regular attendance for twelve weeks brings a physical fitness certificate. Classes in the following are formed:

Exercises for Conditioning.
Marching for Group Unity.
Games for Physical Stamina.
Sports for Muscular Development and Co-ordination.

—*E. L. Poor.*

NOT EVERY CACKLE MEANS EGG

OKLAUNION, TEX.—Little Miss Patsy Smith, a neighbor's daughter, answered the false alarm of a noisily cackling hen and returned without an egg. Later, when the same hen cackled louder than ever, Patsy contemptuously asked her mother:

"Do you suppose she really laid or is she just saying that?"—*Frank Poteet.*

VALOR AWARD BROADCAST

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never have I heard a finer broadcast than Liberty's presentation of valor awards to the captors of the Tristan kidnaper, which I picked up on my car radio from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Liberty is rendering a public service in encouraging valor of our citizens and I hereby recommend that the broadcast, if it was recorded, be used in every school in the country.

By all means, this recording should be presented to every broadcasting station in the United States, as no greater "thriller" or better acting has ever been heard on any program.—*S. E. Gomberg.*

RENE FONCK, ACE OF ACES

LEWISTOWN, PA.—Swanee Taylor in his Aviation Quiz (January 18 Liberty) stated that Colonel William Bishop was the Allied ace of aces. This is a false

statement, because Lieutenant René Fonck had 75 official victories, and it has been further proven that he had 126 victories. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker will bear me out.—*David Barron.*

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that thou wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[This prayer, which is reprinted and attached to George Washington's pew in St. Paul's Chapel, on lower Broadway, New York City, was derived from a circular letter written by General Washington on the disbanding of the army in 1783 and addressed to the governors of all the states.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LAUGHTER AS A WEAPON

ROSLYN, WASH. — I notice, among other things, more laughter in these depressing times seems to be one of the themes of your magazine. I certainly agree—laughter at the proper time is a powerful weapon.

I read How to Be Funny, by Harold Lloyd (January 11 issue), but I never cracked a smile. Maybe I was prepared for something funny that didn't come up to my expectation, just like when the guy says, "Get ready to laugh—this is going to be real funny!"

I think the really truly funny jokes are created on the spur of the moment to fit the situation. They aren't rehearsed and tailor-made.—*Mary Nordby.*

THE GERM IN GERMANY

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—I want to tell the world that if the nations in it want real lasting peace, it can be had only by eradicating the "germ" in Germany.

The germ is the "Deutschland über Alles" complex. It has been bred in the populace for generations. It caused the World War. It is the cause of the present European war. It should have been killed and buried for all time by the victorious Powers after 1918, and that was the biggest mistake of the Allied Powers. They gave the "über Alles" germ to breed another and more terrible war. It will do it again if given a chance.—*J. B. Wallace.*

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Playwright: He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?

Wife: No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! *Now* maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins!* You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.

Wife: Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Playwright: Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!

Playwright: (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

Wife: You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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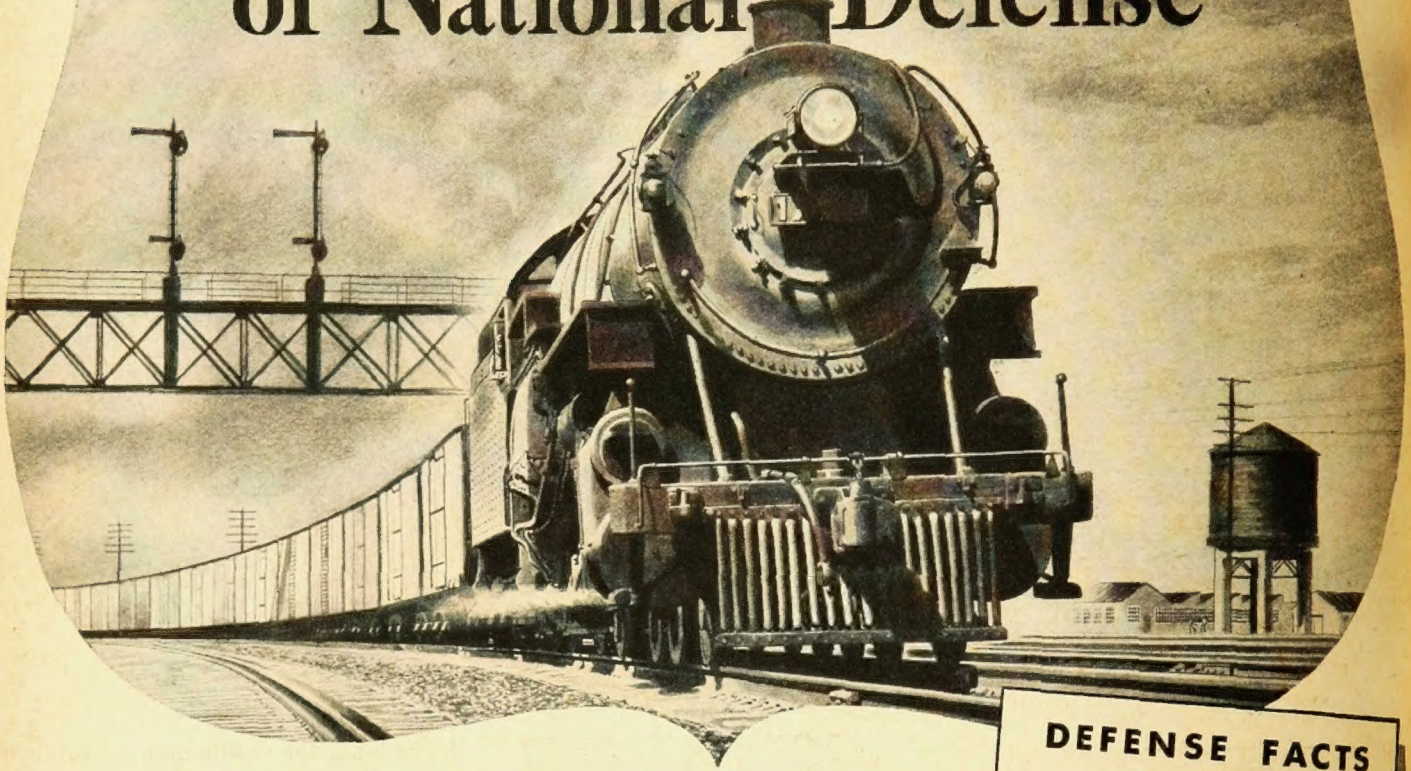
MAINLINE of National Defense



Like a mighty loom, weaving countless threads into a pattern of national security, the railroads of America shuttle the materials of defense from mine, forest and farm — to mill and factory — to assembly plant and warehouse — to camp and port.

There will be no time lost here. That is the American railroads' pledge to the American people — a pledge based on preparedness which began twenty years ago. Railroad tracks and yards, cars and engines, shops and signals have been improved. Operating methods are more efficient, and organized cooperation among shippers, the government and the railroads makes it possible to get *more use out of better railroad facilities.*

Freight moves faster than ever before, it is switched and classified faster, and with the cooperation of shippers and the government it is unloaded faster. Cars are used for transportation, not storage.

Today America can look to its rail transportation system with full confidence. It is the finest mass transportation in the world. And it is ready to meet any demand of peace-time commerce or national defense.

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT. America's railroads offer new, simple installment payment plan for trips and tours. You can take your car along too. SEE YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENT.

DEFENSE FACTS

In July 1918, peak month of troop movements during the World War, the railroads moved an average of a little more than 20,000 men a day. In August 1940 the railroads moved troops to Army maneuvers at the rate of nearly 40,000 men a day.

For the new Army camps, the railroads handled a billion and a half board feet of lumber — 60,000 carloads. Work was never held up because of any railroad failure to deliver materials—and there was not the least interruption of regular rail traffic.

Just two examples of what railroads mean to America's defense, in moving bodies of men and masses of materials over long distances, quickly, safely, on schedule.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHALL WE HAVE A WOMAN'S NATIONAL GUARD?

We've made a remarkable beginning already! — Here are the eye-opening facts

by

RUPERT HUGHES

SOME weeks age Liberty published an article of mine called Women as Soldiers: Why Not? In it I quoted the letters of certain mothers who were not content to give their sons to battle but wanted to be able to take part in any warfare that might come our way. I mentioned some of the efforts being made to train women for active duty. From all over the country women of all ages wrote to ask where they could find and join such an organization. There must be myriads who would like to know the exciting facts. So it seems to be in order to tell a little of what has been done thus far and what may be expected of this great national movement hereafter.

Already an amazing number of American women are organized, are uniformed, are spending their spare time in training not merely to be nurses and ambulance drivers, as before, but to be soldiers. There is already a very respectable, very remarkable beginning for a Woman's National Guard.

Throughout Europe women are taking an immense part in actual warfare. In 1918 and 1919 we sent about 25,000 women to France to serve as nurses, canteen workers, and entertainers. But there is no record of any of our women getting into the trenches—even in disguise.

In other nations the Russian Battalion of Death won melancholy fame, and there were fighting women here and there in other eastern European countries. There was the English nurse, Flora Sandes, who grew impatient of nursing and joined the Serbian army as a private, served with it in trench and mountain warfare, and finished as a captain. Her two books show what a woman can accomplish and endure without loss of respect and beauty. I met Captain Sandes after the war and she was as handsome as if she had never strayed far from a beauty parlor.

The all-endangering nature of Hitler's onslaught on civilization soon persuaded the British to welcome women for the first time into the front line. They couldn't help it, for the front line ran everywhere. In England there are now over three million women enlisted in various activities. Most of them are, of course, trained for first aid and for auxiliary services, such as war-industry plants, which engage over 700,000. In farm work 35,000 are engaged. Ambulance drivers are numberless, and there are many brave American volunteers among them. Others are in uniform for genuine military or naval duty, such as the 3,000 of the Women's Royal Naval Reserve, who call themselves "Wrens." Another group, the Civil Air Guard, spots Nazi planes. Women patrol the country in cars, on horses, on bicycles, or afoot to keep watch for parachutists.

There are 120,000 air-raid workers; 13,000 in the Auxiliary Fire Service. The River Emergency Service keeps 250 women patrolling the Thames in floating ambulances. Some of the women operate theodolites, which are of value in checking the accuracy of artillery fire. These women live in barracks under strict military discipline.

They were lately joined by a group of Frenchwomen in England, who organized to release men for service with General de Gaulle's Free French troops. The commander of these Frenchwomen is Mme. Renée Mathieu, whom I used to see fighting with enormous energy and zeal for tennis championships in Los Angeles.

It is well that Englishwomen should be on the alert, for a correspondent going through German airplane factories as long ago as last May found that fully a third of the workers were women, toiling in three shifts throughout the day and night for the devastation of England. The Nazis took away from the German women the vote donated to them by the short-lived German Republic, but Hitler now graciously grants them leave from the cradle and the kitchen while they spawn munitions and airplanes.

In Italy Mussolini gave women the vote until he was firmly established, then took it away. The Fascists began to punish women who wore short skirts or slenderizing French costumes. They commanded the women to get fat and bear children as fast as possible for the army. Now Italian women not only wear breeches and leave the home for munitions factories, but they drill as soldiers, learn to handle a rifle, and are granted the uniform.

When the Italians pushed briefly into Greece, they found that the legendary Amazons were not entirely mythical. A hundred women followed one regiment and refused to obey the orders to turn back. They climbed the high peaks of the mountains and, while the soldiers machine-gunned the entrapped Italians, the women rolled great boulders down on them or hurled stones at them.

Women at best are rarely accurate at throwing things. Yet they make excellent sharpshooters. In this curious war where the Greeks are defeating the Romans, their ancient enemies the Turks are cheering them on. And Turkey has been making ready with the thoroughness that Kemal Ataturk began. Nearly a year ago the Education Ministry decreed that Turkish girls may not graduate from

high school without passing examinations in military science. Army instructors were assigned to teach them not only first aid but tactics and sharpshooting. At that very time while Turkish girls were becoming soldiers, many of our American high-school boys were not only refusing to join the R. O. T. C. but hooted those who drilled.

But what are American women doing to make ready? The government has taken some interest in the question. President Roosevelt has discussed tentative plans to mobilize the women for home defense. As first drafted by Mrs. Florence Kerr, deputy WPA administrator, the President's program would undertake to:

Combat destructive influences in national life.

Expand and extend through voluntary aid the health, welfare, and cultural services.

Ascertain through a nation-wide study actual needs of the various communities.

Give every one a chance to participate in the national defense program through voluntary service.

Miss Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, called a conference recently to discuss defense occupations for which women and girls are especially adapted. Reports of a survey showed that their opportunities would be immensely enlarged if they were trained in the reading of blueprints, the use of micrometers and calipers, in shop mathematics and the knowledge of metals.

A STRIKING example of how far a little shift of skill may carry a woman was seen in a government arsenal where women who had been operating embroidery machines were diverted to making time fuses.

We have all been devoting too much of our time and skill to tatting and embroidery. The hour is here when women must unite with men in the infinite details of building national defense.

If, when volunteers were being called for to stave off conscription, young women had been offered a chance, there might have been a rush that would have shamed our pacifistic petticoats of both sexes. In Hollywood last August two sisters applied for enlistment papers at a recruiting station, saying, "We'll ask no favors because of sex. We can drill and learn to shoot as well as the men. And we know we can cook a lot better."

They were turned away, of course, though great numbers of young men were shouting down preparedness of any sort and openly joining parades of protest against conscription.

About that same time a Beverly Hills stenographer, Miss Angel Stevens, had an idea for quick preparedness. At six o'clock one Sunday morning she took her first lesson in aviation and, by working hard all day, made a solo flight before sundown. Great numbers of American women are trained or training as aviators, and they will be most useful in teaching young men to fly or in "ferrying" planes from factories to camps.

One married woman wrote me: "I am a good shot and would like to get into an organization where I could do my part. If I've got to die, it is going to be on top, fighting, not blown out of a hole in the ground like an animal of the rodent variety."

MY article about women as soldiers brought me information that astounded me. I learned then how many women in how many groups were already being trained in the use of firearms. Many of these groups expressed a desire to merge with a national organization. One such nucleus appeared to be the Green Guards of America, which had its very modest beginning in Washington, July 15, 1940. On that date a little company of only ten women met together and initiated the Green Guards. All of them had sons or brothers in the service. Two days later 200 women signed up. Less than five months later the Green Guards claimed posts in forty-four states.

Their first organizer—I had almost said inventor—is a North Carolina woman living in the national capital. Her path was rough, as she encountered the troubles that usually beset amateurs. She is Mrs. Virginia Nowell, commonly called "General."

General Nowell describes her plans and motives in these words:

"I have contended, urged, and pleaded with the powers that be to include women in the national defense plan in some capacity other than as nurses, knitters, and workers. With man and industrial power mobilized, but leaving out the might of the woman power, the nation is only two thirds efficient for defense."

Many other organizations are still ironing out difficulties caused by local conditions. Still others prefer to continue along their own lines.

A few of these may be mentioned, though I can make no pretense of completeness.

The Women's Legion of Defense has 17,000 pledged members throughout the country, with headquarters in Chicago, in the West Town Building. John L. Beasley is the national director. It is two years old and formed on the lines of the British Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, from whom much useful information was secured. The United States War Department was consulted and the adjutant generals of all the states. The chief purpose of the organization is not military so much as auxiliary, mainly the enrollment and classification of "women who can do anything helpful to replace men in the event of war or other emergency"—such as a catastrophe of nature, a great fire, or other disaster. Members are listed for training under such heads as ambulance driver, yeomanette, aviatrix, machinist, farm worker, munitions worker, chauffeur, truck driver, streetcar driver, interpreter, elevator operator—any activity in which women may replace men called into active service.

The purpose of the Women's Legion of Defense is manifestly industrial rather than military, but industry is a vital phase of national efficiency.

In southern California great energy is being displayed in the organization of a Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps. There is a corps in Los Angeles under the direction of a surgeon, Colonel J. W. Colbert; another is busy in San Diego, and two companies are at work in the Imperial Valley. The course of instruction includes infantry drills, rifle and pistol practice, radio sending and receiving, ambulance and heavier vehicle driving, as well as full training in first aid. In Los Angeles alone more than 300 women were already signed up in October. In Pittsburgh the Memorial Gold Cross First Aid and Ambulance Corps has over 2,000 members.

Throughout the nation there are groups of various sizes training women in the use of weapons. Rifle ranges are in service in cities and on farms and ranches.

We have always been so horribly laggard in our preparation for the wars that keep coming upon us that it is a most wholesome activity for our women to be giving thought to self-defense and national defense. For years our women, young and old, gave their time and their energy to the latest dances, to golf and tennis, to bridge and gossip, and to their variegated love affairs. A little love of country will do them no harm, and marching to martial music is as healthful an exercise as whirling miles on miles to swing music.

Two things this nation has too long needed: the sense of discipline and subordination that alone can ensure true freedom, and a great sense of national unity with a willingness, an eagerness to sacrifice one's time, one's strength, one's very life for the preservation of our national existence.

WAR is as hideous a part of life as death is, but the horrors and tragedies of both can be mitigated, can be glorified by valor and by preparation to meet whatever comes with readiness, willingness, and courage.

History teaches us incessantly that wars are inevitable. There are two ways to make wars short. One is to be weak and meek and unresisting, and so to achieve a cowardly slavery and impose it on future generations. The other is to be strong, to be fearless, to be ready and irresistible, and so to defend independence and hand it down undiminished to our children, setting them a gleaming example to follow for their own children's sake.

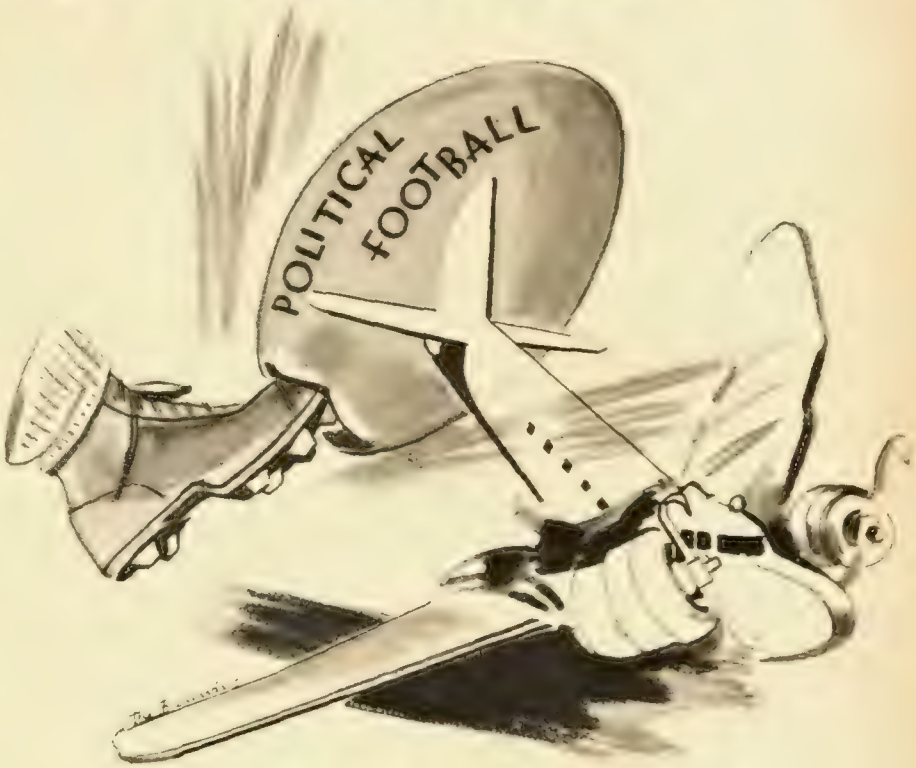
Our country needed and is finding a revival not only of heroism but also of its necessary helpmeet, heroinism. In this work women have equal right and equal responsibility with men. The word "soldiers," like the word "citizens," means men and women alike.

THE END

OUR AIRLINES AND THE POLITICIANS

Has Washington sabotaged safety in the sky? Look at the record: Who's right?

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



BY MORRIS MARKEY

ON August 31, 1940, an air liner crashed in a local storm not far from the city of Washington, and seventeen people were killed. It was the worst airplane disaster in history. But, even so, had it occurred a year and a half earlier it would have been accepted with a certain resignation: "Those things happen. The law of averages is bound to produce a few bad crashes."

Not so on this sad occasion. The shock broke a spell. *During the fifteen months preceding, not a single passenger on an American air liner had been killed.*

The dismay over the accident had not subsided at all before there was another—and another. On November 4 ten people were killed in a crash at Salt Lake City. And on December 4 eight were killed at Chicago.

Congressmen and air-line operators, pilots and plain citizens set their jaws and spoke bitter words: "The New Deal is at it again. Every time it has stuck its fingers into the aviation business, something bad has happened. Remember 1934, when all those army flyers were killed when they were suddenly called on to fly the mails?"

Those things are still being said. I shall undertake to tell you why, and to present both sides fairly.

The history of commercial aviation in America, up until the fall of 1937, was pretty good but not good enough. There had been wrecks due to bad ships and bad piloting and careless operating technique. So a number of thoughtful men got together, aviation executives and pilots and members of Congress, and agreed that the first thing to do was to take aviation out of politics. That idea had worked in the railroad business. In the midst of a shambles of wrecks, bankruptcies, and rate juggling, the Interstate Commerce Commission had been formed—a nonpolitical body which brought the railroads out of their swamp. Why not something like that for the air lines?

At that time government supervision of aviation rested with the Bureau of Aeronautics, a division of the Department of Commerce. And this bureau had a number of oddly conflicting functions. In the first place, it inspected planes and engines and licensed them. It licensed pilots and mechanics. It wrote the rules and regulations for commercial flying and maintained the aids to navigation: beacon lights, radio beams, emergency landing fields, the control towers at the big airports.

In the second place, it investigated accidents and reported upon them. This meant that, following a crash, the bureau had to decide the cause—whether failure of ship or engines or pilot *or whether the bureau itself had failed to function in one of its vital duties.*

Thus the Department, through its bureau, sat as judge and jury upon its own shortcomings.

The reports upon accidents generally made air-line operators, manufacturers, or pilots bitter and resentful. It was the usual thing to blame the pilot if he was killed, the structure of the ship if he survived.

After months of study, Congress took aviation out of politics. Late in 1937 it passed the bill which created the Civil Aeronautics Authority, an independent quasi-judicial, quasi-legislative body much like the Interstate Commerce Commission but less cluttered with red tape.

The C A A was given many duties in the various branches of its organization. I shall confine myself here to one superlatively important branch: the Safety Board.

The Air Line Pilots Association was largely responsible for the creation of the Safety Board. It was written into law that the board should have three members, one a licensed air-line pilot, and three main functions: to investigate accidents, make recommendations for the prevention of similar accidents, and publish its findings. Note well that Congress was its boss, appointed its members, and received all reports.

Three men were duly appointed: Tom Hardin, a veteran transport pilot; Carl B. Allen, reserve army flyer and aviation editor of the New

York Herald Tribune; and Sumter Smith of Alabama. Mr. Smith does not figure largely in our story, for he never attended a wreck investigation. Hardin's first test came quickly. A fellow pilot and old acquaintance had a bad crash—the Point Reyes accident in California. Pilot Stead, flying along the coast with passengers, fell afoul of the weather. He lost his bearings, and got some rather weird advice from two dispatchers at ground stations. He finally crashed into the Pacific, and everybody was lost except himself.

After investigation, Hardin recommended that the licenses of Stead and the two dispatchers be revoked for bad technique and bad judgment. This was tough to do and tough to take. But it stuck. Stead's license was withdrawn. The two dispatchers were restored to their jobs after a period of suspension.

SO began the era of hard-boiled realism in the aviation business. The next serious crash was at Seattle. The Strato-Liner, newly designed, was being test-flown. Aboard were a dozen of the best brains in aviation. The ship crashed, killing everybody, and the manufacturers expressed the belief that propeller failure was the cause. Hardin and Allen jumped to the scene. They found that the propellers were twisted into corkscrews from the impact. This meant that they had been functioning with the engines full on. They found, too, that the pilot was stunting the ship after a very brief acquaintance with its performance in flight.

But they did not stop there. They examined blueprints and models, questioned engineers and pilots. Out of this inquiry they made recommendations for a number of changes in the fundamental design: larger rudders and stabilizers, wing slots, etc. All these points are incorporated in present models of the ship, and it is flying successfully and safely.

Furthermore, all this was given to the newspapers. And all hands in the flying business began to see that the Safety Board was not fooling.

Examining another Western crash, Hardin and Allen found that a gas line running beneath the cockpit was responsible for the fire which had destroyed all lives. The builder was told that his future models would not be licensed unless he ran the feed lines through a safer course.

Soon thereafter came four bad crashes in the Southwest. Investigation showed that each accident had happened to a two-engined plane which had suffered the loss of one engine in flight. This was rather puzzling, and Hardin and Allen undertook to find out what it meant.

All two-engined planes are designed to fly and maintain altitude on one engine alone. This ability had been shown in test flight after test flight. The two men went out to try it for themselves. Then the light suddenly dawned on them: In these test flights you simply gain altitude and then cut the ignition on one engine. You open the throttle on the other one. And nothing happens. You just keep flying.

But that isn't what happens when an engine failure occurs in flight. Then you don't just cut the switch. The engine has quit of its own accord because something has broken. So you are not just coasting along with one idle engine. You are carrying the dire burden of a crocked-up piece of machinery—and that burden is working furiously to ruin you.

Because, even though the engine has quit work, the forward movement of the ship makes its propeller keep on spinning. The propeller is churning up a lot of wrecked iron and steel and aluminum. And if the resulting vibrations do not rip the broken engine away from its mountings and so cause an immediate crash, they interfere fatally with the operation of the remaining engine.

The Safety Board realized at once that there was a proven, readily available remedy: the full-feathering propeller, sometimes called the variable-pitch propeller. With this equipment, the pilot can alter the angle of the propeller blades with a flick of his hand. He can make them so flat that the rush of wind imparts no spinning action whatever.

HAVING reached its conclusions, the Safety Board delivered the most uncompromising report the industry has ever known. In effect: "If these four planes had been equipped with this well known safety device, we believe all the victims would be alive today. We recommend that in future no multimotored airplane he permitted to carry passengers unless all motors are equipped with full-feathering propellers."

All of which sounded eminently sensible; but a mighty squawk went up. Not from the big transcontinental lines, which already used such equipment, but from the operators of small feeder lines. Their two-engined, medium-sized planes would carry only eight or nine passengers at best. Now not only would they be faced with the extra cost of installation but the weight of the device would cut out one passenger.

High voices in Washington affairs upbraided the Safety Board. And one of Hardin's old friends, the operator of such a Western feeder line, strode into his office fuming. "This is a great way to treat a pal. You're ruining me, that's all! I've never had an accident. I'll take it to the Supreme Court."

Hardin said his only concern was with the safety of human lives. In less than ten days the same man was back. But this time he grabbed Hardin's hand. "You've saved *my* life, that's all!" he cried. "And I mean it literally, and you're the greatest guy in the world!"

He had gone to Los Angeles to take delivery of a new plane. The variable-pitch propellers already installed in it made him fume again as he took off, with friends, for his home port. Three hours out, the portside engine went. In the ten seconds it took to "feather" the propeller blades the engine nearly ripped itself out. But at the end of the ten seconds its prop was standing dead still, the vibration had ceased, and the remaining engine carried them safely home.

Needless to say, the order requiring all multimotored ships to install the device stuck, and stuck tight.

Perhaps more effective, in the long run, than any of these front-page incidents was the board's day-in-and-day-out hammering at operators, pilots, ground crews for safety, safety, and more safety. They made scientific tests which justified new standards to prevent the overloading of planes. They never ceased to require improvements in equipment. They made almost daily recommendations for increased efficiency in operating technique. They made the pilots toe the mark every minute.

Some lines had fallen into the habit of competing with each other in bad weather. If Line A decided it was too thick to fly, Line B would say: "We'll convince the customers that *we* don't cancel flights just for a cloud or two." The Safety Board stopped that sort of thing.

At the outset it was only natural for executives and pilots alike to resent the new order. They talked to politicians. But the politicians got nowhere. Why? Because it was for this very reason that the CAA and its Safety Board had been taken out of politics. And presently even the most recalcitrant of the aviation people realized that month after month was slipping by with the report: No accidents, no injuries, no fatalities on the air lines of America! The first year of 100 per cent safe operation came to its end.

THEN the operators and the pilots who had been resentful passed their formal resolutions thanking the CAA. Big shots began to drop into the Safety Board's offices, and they had one refrain: "I've criticized you. I was wrong. You keep it going just like this."

The second year of operation began smoothly, as far as the safe and regular operation of the air lines was concerned. But there were undeniable evidences of misunderstandings and disagreements within the Authority and its Safety Board. As far as I can gather, these had no effect upon the functioning of the Authority as a whole.

But the spat was taken to the White House. After consideration there, an Executive Order came down. This order shuffled duties and responsibilities about in the CAA—rather to the consternation of all hands. The chairman went again to the White House and pleaded for a further solution to the problem.

It came with shocking swiftness. The first order was rescinded. And

the CAA, together with its Safety Board, was abolished! Its independent existence was declared null and void. All its functions were returned to the Department of Commerce. The dream of an aviation control outside of politics was ended.

The President was well within his legal powers. The recent so-called Reorganization Legislation gave him wide authority to rearrange all the agencies and bureaus in the government structure, in the name of economy and efficiency. He stated that both these ends would be served by his action. While all the functions and expert personnel of the CAA would be retained, to operate under the Department of Commerce, a few high-salaried executives would be released. The move would reduce the number of officials whom he must see personally, since aviation reports would now come to him through the Secretary of Commerce. And aviation would now have a seat at the Cabinet table.

Now, it is the law that, unless Congress specifically disapproves such an order within sixty days of its announcement, it automatically goes into effect. In the sixty days following this one a savage fight raged in Washington. Opposition organized itself quickly and spontaneously. Senator Pat McCarran (Democrat) of Nevada led the battle. To his support came Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and Senator Warren Austin of Vermont. In the lower house, the leaders were Representatives Vorys (Republican) of Ohio, and Lea of California, Randolph of West Virginia, and Woodrum of Virginia (Democrats). The National Aeronautic Association urged that the order be rescinded. Virtually every air-line operator pleaded for the restoration of CAA. Mayor LaGuardia of New York City said its abolishment would be a "national calamity." These men argued that it had taken years to set up for aviation a control similar to the ICC, independent, not tempted to bestow favors; and that the apparent savings — a mere $22,500 per year, half the cost of one transport plane—did not justify the change.

But the most dramatic protest came from the pilots themselves. Twelve members of the Pilots Association, each with more than 1,000,000 flying miles behind him, were sent as a committee to Washington. There they set up a "Lobby to Save Lives." They had one particularly telling argument: During the previous control by the Commerce Department, 146 pilots had been killed and 48 stewardesses—to say nothing of 279 passengers. Under CAA, nobody killed. What a tragedy to go back to the old way!

To all of this opposition the President had a single reply. He said it was "pure spinach" to assert that his move would endanger the safety of air travel. He called the opposition "plain politics."

Senator McCarran answered: "Expressions of that kind don't indicate any knowledge of the subject. I am sorry to hear an expression of that kind coming from the President on such a vital subject."

But the goose was cooked. Administration forces in both houses stifled the opposition. At the end of the sixty days CAA was gone. In its place was the old Department of Commerce set-up. Instead of reports to Congress, we have reports to the White House, through the Department's politically appointed Secretary.

It is true that nearly all the expert field personnel of the CAA have been retained. But in executive authority there is nobody with a broad experience of flying. The most active member of the board is Harllee Branch, who was a member of the CAA. He is an old newspaperman of unquestionable integrity and intelligence. But he is not a pilot, has no experience of the design or manufacture or operation of passenger-carrying airplanes. His original political appointment under the New Deal was as Third Assistant Postmaster General. The Safety Department is in charge of Jerry Lederer, an honest hard-working man, but not an airline pilot.

But the quality of the individuals in the new aviation authority is less important than the fact that they have no real authority. Their policy is set by the current Secretary.

And now to get back to the three crashes of the autumn—which were to be followed on January 23 by a fourth, near St. Louis, with two persons killed and twelve injured; though upon this crash the report of the Department's investigation is not, at this writing, available.

It would be wrong, perhaps cruelly unjust, to blame the administration for those three accidents because of its destruction of the CAA. But it must be observed that the first of them occurred just sixty days after the CAA was abolished. And there are certain things to consider:

The Washington crash:

As the plane took off, carrying a United States senator among its passengers, the weather ahead was doubtful, definitely less than good. Would it have taken off at all if the old Safety Board's pressure against "weather competition" had been present? At any rate, the ship ran into a line squall or thunderstorm, and went into the ground with engines on. The report by the subsidiary bureau of the Department of Commerce talked in vague terms of lightning, which has never yet been proven a definite danger in flight.

The Salt Lake crash:

Here we have more of fact to go upon. The radio landing beam at Salt Lake City is defective under certain weather conditions. Baffled technicians believe the mineral deposits in the near-by Wasatch Mountains cause the beam to vary absurdly from the true at times. It is operated by the government. While the ship was still two hours out, the Department of Commerce employee in charge of the beam reported to dispatchers at adjoining desks that it was acting up again.

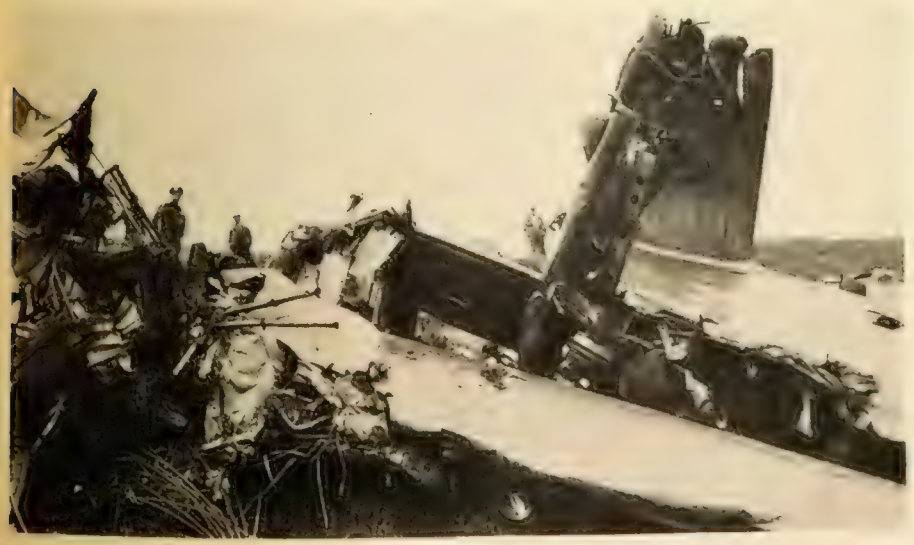
But, as far as can be gathered, the critical fact was handled as simple routine rather than emergency. It does not appear that the pilot was given radio warning that the situation was dangerous. But we cannot be too sure about this. For again the report of the Department's investigation is wordy rather than precise.

The Chicago crash:

Same story. We cannot tell from the generalized report just what did happen. Was it ice on the wings? Sloppy flying by the pilot? Lack of authority in the government's own control tower at the airport?

Responsible critics at Washington are saying: "We cannot blame these three crashes upon the administration's wiping out of the independent CAA. But we believe that agency kept careless technique and performance down to an absolute minimum. The record shows that. And we should like to see the control of commercial aviation taken out of the political picture again and restored to its independent status—and let the chips fall where they may."

THE END



"Who gives a Child a Home

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come.

—JOHN MASEFIELD

A tender tale of two hearts, and happiness strangely found

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I ALWAYS did like a good hot day in summer," Mrs. Penniman remarked in the rich, absent voice she used when she wasn't talking to anybody in particular. She had lifted her head from the batter she was stirring and stood a moment, with the far-off look in her very pale blue eyes. "I like to see the wheat fields all ripe and yellow and the corn still green. And the groves." The way she said groves, slowly, making the o very long, lingered in your ear the way her voice did. It was warm and full of color, and people said that when Mattie Penniman talked they could listen forever. Not for what she said but for the way it sounded.

The little girl said nothing. She was perched on the chair she always sat in, a picture book open on her lap. She was a very quiet child, thin and pale and far too young and backward for her age, which was, as Mrs. Penniman knew to the dot, just eleven years less fourteen days.

"We had a pond, and one end of it the cows used to stand up to their bellies, and the other end there were water lilies sometimes—the big ones that smell so good. But out in the middle it was like glass—blue with the white clouds a-shining in it. And my—the big horses! Most as soon as I could walk, I'd be up on them like a monkey, to ride back to the barn. Like to split in two, too, on their broad backs. And how they'd kick up their big feet and frisk, feeling good because their work was done. There's play in any critter, I guess, that gets a chance to be a little bit happy."

"Ain't you going to finish making your cake, Mrs. Penniman?" the little girl asked in a thin voice rasping as a file.

"What's that?" She looked down at the child and gave a slight, amused laugh. "Well, there's nothing like having somebody bring you down to earth. When a person gets to seeing pictures . . . but I guess you ain't the kind that ever will, little Flora Belle."

Mrs. Penniman was a big bony woman, so big she ought to have been a man. And this height and massive size, which in her youth had been a handicap, were now a kind of beauty. Her pale horizon eyes and high cheekbones gave her a Norse look—not the unmixed Scandinavian Norse, but like people of North Ireland or Scotland, where the Scandinavian blood has been for ten centuries diluted. The eyes and the voice, too, of seagoing folk—though Mrs. Penniman had never seen the sea, only these Minnesota prairies.

"Are we going to have it for supper, Mrs. Penniman?"

"It'll be for our supper here, Flora Belle. But you can have your piece before you go."

"No," the child half whispered; "no, sir, Mrs. Penniman, please."

"Why is it, Flora Belle, my dolly, why is it you never want to go home?"

But she knew, too, that it was the kind of question to which a child never replies, and which she need not have asked, since she could give the answer only too well herself. "Anyhow," she went on quickly, "don't you forget you've got a birthday coming soon."

"Have I, Mrs. Penniman?"

"My land, don't your mother ever give you a party?"

It was a moment before the little girl said, hardly audibly: "Maybe she don't know about it, Mrs. Penniman."

"She did once," the other answered rather grimly. "Anyhow, this year you're going to have a frosted cake made just for you, and eleven candles on it. Lighted."

The color came up in the child's face and she turned her eyes, with that look in them Mrs. Penniman just couldn't stand—the look of a child that's been too unhappy to cry—away to the open window.

Mrs. Penniman hurried on: "But right now you can have the bowl to lick, and the beater too. Only I want you to do something for me first. Just skip upstairs and see if Mother

"What business you got insulting my child and I? I don't like it, see?"

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

Penniman is still asleep, will you?"

The child slid off the chair eagerly and ran out of the room. Mrs. Penniman stared after her a moment—then, putting her cake in the oven, turned thoughtfully to the window. From where she stood she could see down as far as Main Street, which had become part of a trunk highway and had a number of its own. Could see the red front of the chain store, the yellow front of the service station across the street. Beyond that was Brent's office — Farm Lands and Loans. But Brent wasn't there today. He'd gone to Sioux Center on business. Or so he said.

But wherever he was, he'd be coming home soon. The one thing he never missed was an hour before supper with his mother. Nine years, Mrs. Penniman thought, squaring her broad shoulders, since Brent's mother had been bedridden. Quite a chore. And yet, when you loved a person the way she loved that huge, quietly majestic woman, it was good to do for them. Good to feel their helplessness, safe with you, like a baby's.

"She's still asleep, Mrs. Penniman."

"Well, thanks, Flora Belle," she answered, noticing in the child's upraised face that curious and inexplicable devotion.

"And can I have the bowl now, and the beater?"

"You sure can, pet." She put another stick into the stove, pulled her big chair around by the window. Outside, in the shady unkempt yard, the grass had grown sparse and too tall, and clouds of brown gnats spun in the pale shafts of sunlight. These things she did not see, and she didn't think about anything. In her mind was only an empty tension, as if all the doubts and indecision were not in abeyance but merely carried on their struggle below the level of her consciousness.

She must have sat that way for some time, because it was once more the child's shrill voice that brought her back from her reverie: "I guess your cake is burning, Mrs. Penniman."

"Something burning? Oh, the cake!" Laughing again, she got up and opened the oven door. "It *is* just a mite singed, Flora Belle. I declare, if it wasn't for you I don't know how I'd get my work done."

"Yes, Mrs. Penniman."

She turned out the cake and set it to cool. At the same time she saw the flash of the new car as it passed the window, and a moment later, soft and quick, the kitchen door opened and Brent came in. Whenever she thought of Brent, this quick spring of his muscular body was what she saw first, and then the way his two eyeteeth hung down below his mustache, giving to his heavy, handsome, almost but not quite jovial face a slightly wolfish look.

"Well, hello there—how's tricks?" Then he saw the child and nodded absently in her direction. "How's

ma? All right?" Crossing to the sink, he filled the tin dipper at the faucet. His broad-brimmed felt hat was on the back of his head and he left it there.

"She's fine. And I was just waiting for you to come home so's I could go uptown—to do an errand." So that was it! Her mind, then, had made itself up at last, and without her volition.

Brent's face had come out from behind the dipper, and she noticed a few drops of water that trickled down his chin and bright red tie. Their eyes met, not intentionally or even seeing each other, and fell apart at once.

"O. K.," was all he said. And, walking light and quick on the balls of his feet, he went out and up the stairs.

FLORA BELLE, who had slid off her chair, ran to her and laid her cheek disconsolately against Mrs. Penniman's arm.

"Now, now, now—you go get your hat on like a good dolly."

"I haven't got my hat, Mrs. Penniman."

The other's arm tightened around her thin shoulders.

"Would you like a soda, dolly? Would you like a nice ice-cream soda at Brantner's?"

"Oh, are we going to Brantner's?" the child asked, brightening a little. "Are we going in Mr. Penniman's car?"

"No, miss; on our own flat feet. I'm not so good at these new hair-trigger machines." But maybe that wasn't the reason; maybe it was because if they walked she wouldn't get to where she was going quite so soon.

She put on her straw hat without looking at herself in the glass above the sink. No hat ever looked right on her—she was too big and rangy—or her dresses either. Then they set out, Flora Belle clinging tightly to her hand.

The afternoon sun made long shadows on the stone-pocked dirt street and the little green yards bright with petunias and phlox and early dahlias. Men in shirt sleeves pushed lawn mowers and women rocked on the porches, resting their feet. There was a word and smile from them all, to which Mrs. Penniman replied in her rich voice. But although she'd known most of these men and women since they were shouting kids themselves, she felt, as always, a stranger to their world of everyday love and domesticity.

Vaguely, too, she wondered what they thought when they saw her and Flora Belle Minetti together. And what they knew. Nothing, probably. They might know Mrs. Minetti by sight—in a little town like this you knew who nearly everybody was—but these people didn't go to beer parlors or the night resorts outside the town. And Flora Minetti wasn't around much in the daytime. Things were different, too, in these days. There wasn't so much gossip; a lot of things were taken for granted people used to have a fit over. Besides, they must be pretty used to seeing Flora Belle with her by this time.

It had begun about a year before, at the M. E. picnic to which some child had brought Flora Belle. But the little girl was strange and scared and pretty soon she was trotting behind Mrs. Penniman like a lost pup. After that, if she saw the child on the street, she always spoke to her—not, as it happened, knowing her name—and once in the drugstore bought her some candy.

Then, first thing she knew, there she was, knocking at the kitchen door

"He certainly is taking to that cornet!"

with a bunch of wild flowers in her little fist.

"My sakes, are these for me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I declare. Thank you." She took the flowers and stared down at the child, who stood twisting one foot in its ragged sock around the other. "Would you like to come in?"

She opened the door, and the little girl, ducking down her head, dove past her. She'd seen puppies dart into a house that way, too.

"There's no other children here, you know, to play with."

"Sure, I know, Mrs. Penniman."

The child climbed into the straight-backed kitchen chair where she'd sat so often since. Mrs. Penniman gave her milk and a cooky, and, when she showed no signs of wanting to go away, a bound volume of some old magazines with pictures in them.

After that she began to come quite regularly, and before the winter was over it was almost every afternoon. She didn't talk much and never played. There were a good many of these old magazines and she spent hours turning the pages, studying the pictures with absorbed interest.

At first—knowing by this time, of course, who the child was—it seemed to Mrs. Penniman very strange indeed, a quite fantastic whim of fate. Not many people took fancies to her, and it had to be little Flora Belle Minetti, of all people, who would!

"Hello, who's this?" Brent had asked the first day he came home and found her perched on her chair.

"Don't you know?"

He stared at the child a moment and did not reply. After that he never made any comment on her presence, or paid her any particular attention. The episode took its place in the long elaborate pattern of their silences. When he was at home he was always with his mother. In her presence, his wife fancied, he must feel himself to be all that her fond and faithful love believed him—saved from everything that he really was and was not.

It wasn't good for him, of course. But you couldn't blame a mother for the faith she had in her only son. And certainly you couldn't ever, not if you were Mrs. Penniman, do anything that would take that faith away from her. . . .

"What kind of soda are you going to have, Mrs. Penniman?"

"Eh? What am I what?" Then she realized they had got to Brantner's.

"The soda," the child said, giving a little skip, her hand still holding onto Mrs. Penniman's.

"I'm not going to have a soda, Flora Belle. I'm going to do an errand while you're eating yours."

The little girl's eyes, with their monkey look of puzzlement and obscure sorrow, searched hers anxiously. "But you'll be back for me, Mrs. Penniman?"

"I'll be back for you."

THERE was a dream Mrs. Penniman had often had. A train would come roaring down upon her in the dark, terrible in its power and speed, with the earth shaking under it. She would try to run from it, but she couldn't move, and just when it was about to crush her, she'd wake up, full of the peculiar terror of a nightmare.

But last time she dreamed it, she did not try to run away. Instead she caught hold of something and swung herself aboard and was carried on to safety.

And now, taking the street in her long stride, she thought, This is like my dream. Now she was about to do a thing from which she had shrunk so long and with so much pain, and it gave her no concern at all.

She knew the house well. It was a one-story frame cottage set on a high foundation. A car stood in front, and a man who was not nearly so young as he tried to appear stepped out of the front door, cocked the brim of his hat at a jaunty angle, and ran down the steps. As he passed Mrs. Penniman she caught the sour smell of days'-old liquor.

His eyes glanced off her unseeing, as men's eyes always had. (And how, when she was young, that indifference had hurt! So that when Brent Penniman—of all men Brent, that every girl in town was after—had chosen her, it was like a miracle. She

didn't walk but floated up the church aisle, not once thinking that the fact that she'd come into what in these parts was considered money might have any connection with her bliss.)

It was twilight under the porch roof and the doorbell was loud in the evening quiet. A light went on inside, and in a back room she caught a glimpse of the bottles and empty glasses and heaped ash trays. Then a woman's figure blocked off the square of light. It was Flora Minetti —the woman she had never spoken to before but who, many years ago, she had so foolishly believed, had broken her heart. Through the screen she saw her outline, and that there was something *stupid* in the droop of her shoulders and sag of her so female body. Queer she hadn't always known there would be!

"Good evening, Mrs. Minetti," she said. "I guess you know who I am?"

THERE was a silence no longer than a breath drawn. "Yes," the woman said; "I do."

She made no motion to open the door, and Mrs. Penniman let herself in, smelling the stale cigarette smoke and stale liquor and stale perfume that belonged equally to the house and to the woman. And how strange, how strange it was that she, who in the old days had crossed to the opposite side of the street or hurried into a shop not to give Flora Minetti in all her luscious prettiness a chance to see how tall and gawky she was, with her hats that were always wrong and her dresses that never hung like anybody else's . . . how strange she now should turn away her eyes so as not to see too plainly the other's ruin.

And yet, oddly, much of what had been remained. There were still the flower-blue eyes, the tilted nose, the heavy waves of red-brown hair. It was all there, but spoiled, the way a fruit goes rotten.

Flora Minetti shut the door into the room where the bottles were and pulled a chair around with her foot. She moved fussily, not wanting, Mrs. Penniman thought—though her pride, all of it, must long since have been taken from her, leaving only an ugly truculence—to be the first to speak. But then, not daring to trust the silence, she did speak. "Well, what do you want?" she said. "I suppose you had some reason for coming here?"

"Yes, I did want a few minutes of your time," Mrs. Penniman answered in her slow way. It was natural for her to wait, to let the rhythm of the talk make itself.

The other took up a cigarette and lighted it from the stub she held; then, rather rudely, sat down without offering Mrs. Penniman a chair. And the latter, for some reason, noticed her legs. They were still beautiful, and yet their firm shapeliness seemed all wrong, in unnatural and unpleasant contrast to the spoiled looseness of her face and body.

"For Heaven's sake—" Mrs. Minetti burst out, as if it were involuntarily, "what do we talk about—the weather?"

With some misgiving (If I sit on anything, it'll bust under me) Mrs. Penniman seated herself, uninvited, on a small settee covered with imitation zebra skin, spotted and burned with cigarettes.

"I thought," she said, "that you would know it was about Flora Belle."

"What have you got to do with Flora Belle?"

"I'm not sure just what the relationship would be called." In spite of herself, there was a small thrust of amusement. "In some cases, of course, the wife is considered the

"What's the point in taking lessons from the professional? He's married."

stepmother of the husband's child."

Flora Minetti's nervously swinging foot suddenly stopped. Puzzled and explosively sullen, she sat, trying, Mrs. Penniman told herself, to think. "Oh—so that's what you're trying to make out," she said at last.

"I wouldn't say trying, since I could prove it easy enough."

"Oh, swell—" the other cried, truculent and still uncertain. "Wouldn't that be swell testimony for me, if it was true! I mean, if I decide to go to law."

"You wouldn't get it if you went to law. Or, I'm afraid, anything else. Except maybe"—she couldn't help smiling—"the new car. He don't have anything, you know, of his own. Just a new car every two years that never gets paid for."

"Well, who wants anything? Who the hell started this?" (She wants to let go; she wants to work herself up, Mrs. Penniman thought.) "Who told you to come around here, anyhow? Not him, I bet. He hasn't set foot in this house for seven years—if that is any satisfaction to you. Not for seven years."

"No, I expect he don't get time. He can't very well keep track of all of you."

"Oh, oh—" She was suddenly beside herself. "Oh—so you have to be insulting, do you?" She brought her two feet to the floor furiously. "What business you got coming here insulting my child and I? I don't like it, see? And I don't like the way you been trying to get hold of her, either. Worming in and getting round her—turning her against her own mother. I won't have it! And if you think you can put over any of your lies—"

The noise went on for quite a while, but Mrs. Penniman didn't listen. Or, rather, what she seemed to hear was a kind of stillness back of the shouting, the stillness you find when you first go into the big woods. It was—and again her thought formed a big phrase—like the presence of Destiny. Destiny, catching up with poor Flora Minetti, the way, sooner or later, it caught up with everybody. Why—with me, too, she thought in surprise. It's caught up with me now. It's here this moment. For suddenly she'd seen her whole life, clear and complete, and that there was no time when she had not tried to do the best she could. And it was—like a reward.

The peace that filled her then was so great she felt humble and proud and full of pity—and with a power in her nothing could prevail against.

She got up. "Flora Belle is waiting for me now, Mrs. Minetti. I'm going to take her. I'm going to get her out of this place you haven't kept fit for a child to call home." (The drink and the men, the sloth and triviality and cheap indulgence, and the child hating it with all a child's terrible, blind sorrow.) "But don't think I'm not sorry for you—sorry with my whole heart—"

Maybe for one brief instant Flora Minetti understood—saw the other's world and her own in contrast. And maybe not. Anyhow, something happened. For her mouth, open to speak, rounded into an empty hole; her face twisted, broke; her rounded shoulders and all of her shook with long tearing sobs.

Mrs. Penniman stood above her, so tall it was as if she'd have to bend her head from the ceiling; so strong she could have lifted the weeping woman and carried her like a baby. But she knew, too, that the time when she could help her had not yet come—and would not until there was nothing easier to which Flora Minetti could turn, into which she could escape.

AT Brantner's the little girl stood just inside the broad window, very still and anxious. Then she saw Mrs. Penniman. With that darting way she had, timid and determined like a lost pup—a way that always gave a twist to Mrs. Penniman's heart, so she didn't know if she wanted to laugh or to cry—she was out of the door and had got hold of the big hand that reached down to hers.

"Oh, I knew you'd come, Mrs. Penniman—I knew you'd be back!" she cried in her flat prairie voice that was breathless and a little shriller than usual with her recent fear.

THE END

The Seconds

BY JACK DEMPSEY
Sports Editor of LIBERTY

In this corner, at work on his man, is a second who's a winnah—Whitey Bimstein!

I KNEW it was hotter than the dickens that July 4 afternoon in Reno back in '31, as I stood sizzling in the ring waiting to referee the fight between Max Baer and Paolino Uzcudun, but when Paolino's seconds carted a *bathtub* to his corner I thought, "Is this guy getting ready to take a dive?"

Then I saw Whitey Bimstein, Paolino's chief second, leading what looked like a bale of bath towels down the aisle to the ring. When the bale sat down, Whitey began peeling off the towels, and inside was Paolino. It was to be twenty rounds to a decision, under the "old rules," which meant that everything went.

Now, Baer was much the better fighter that day and in fine condition, but at the end of twenty rounds he was a mess and Paolino looked as if he could go another twenty, so I gave the decision to Paolino. But Paolino didn't win that fight himself—Whitey Bimstein won it for him!

Few fight fans realize how important the second is to the fighter today. Other things being equal, a good second will make his man win, while a poor one will make his man lose. A top-flight second has to combine the qualities of a skillful surgeon, a crafty general, a wily lawyer, an astute detective, a good country doctor, and an expert nurse. He has to be cool, accurate, and quick; his nerves must be steady and his resourcefulness great.

"Holy mackerel!" I can hear you say. "A guy who was all those things would be worth his weight in gold!" Well, brother—or sister—he *is!* Yes, and he gets paid accordingly. I know several top-flight seconds who average from ten to fifteen thousand a year.

How did Bimstein win that fight in Reno for Paolino? Well, the temperature was 110° in the shade—if you could find any shade. So Bimstein came prepared. He had eight one-gallon bottles of mineral water, and those towels were kept sopping with cold water. There was also plenty of ice. He had "soled" his man's feet with adhesive tape to help keep them from burning on the hot canvas, and all through the fight he kept pouring cold water into Paolino's shoes and swathing him in the towels, soaked with ice water, during the minute rest.

In one of the early rounds Baer butted the Basque, and when he complained to me, I said, "That's all right; if he butts you, butt him back; those are the rules in this fight." Well, that was Paolino's meat, for he had a head like a bull.

Each of the fighters lost thirteen pounds in the fight, but every round Whitey sent Paolino out there fresh as a daisy. After the fight, though, Paolino nearly killed himself by disobeying his second. Bimstein had prepared a bottle of the water for drinking by mixing in some cognac. "Don't drink any of that cold water," he warned his fighter. "If you want a drink, take it out of this warm bottle." As soon as Whitey's back was turned, Paolino grabbed one of the cold bottles and took a big swig of water. He walked four steps away from the ring and keeled over. Whitey hustled him to the dressing room and worked over him a couple of hours with a doctor. "He darn near croaked," said Whitey.

Tom McArdle, veteran fight manager, promoter, matchmaker, etc., rates Whitey Bimstein as the greatest second in the game today. Frank "Doc" Bagley, in his time, had to be considered, but Frank is more or less retired from the game now. Bagley managed and seconded Gene Tunney, and his handling and advice helped Gene considerably. Jimmy De Forest, who seconded me in my fight with Willard for the title and some of my other fights, was a great second; and Spider Kelly, of California, is a legendary character among seconds.

Some of the top-notchers of today are Ray Arcel, Eddie Ross, Heinie Blaustein, Benny Benjamin of Baltimore, Frankie Doyle, Doc Robb, Izzy Kline, Frankie Coco, partner of Bimstein; Jack Blackburn, who seconds Joe Louis; Bobby Dawson, Nick and Danny Florio, Willie Ketcham, Whitey Eckert, Dolph Thomas, Dia Dolling, Tommy Tomacci; Freddy Ferrio, who seconds Billy Conn and Fritzie Zivic; Al Lacey of Boston, Doc Casey; Connie McCarthy, who seconded Armstrong; Al Rano, Harry Gordon, little Charley Goldman; Jack Curley, who has been at Stillman's Gym for more than fifteen years; and Jimmy Brown; and we can't forget Jimmy Bronson, although Bronson is more a manager

ex-champion reveals some
rets that may surprise you

ometimes Win

and promoter now than a second. He was in Tunney's corner in our little Chicago interlude.

Girded for battle, the first-class second is armed with Haemostatique Ercé, adrenalin chloride, thromboplastine, Monsell's solution and Monsell's powder, smelling salts, aromatic spirits of ammonia, ice bag with cracked ice, a supply of little cotton swabs, and vaseline. The first five items named are for the fixing of cuts and stoppage of bleeding. They're all quick-action "bleeding stoppers," but the most powerful—and also the most dangerous—is the Monsell's. This is used only as a last resort. It stops the bleeding at once. There's iron sulphate in it, and this burns in and dries up the flesh, and is very dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person.

But there is an even more potent mixture, known to the fraternity as "the dynamite." It's a paste made by the second mixing some Monsell's solution and adrenalin powder in the palm of his hand and "packing" a gaping wound with it. This is used only when a world's championship is hanging in the balance, for it is extremely painful, and after the fight it has to be literally cut out and the surrounding flesh scraped. It almost invariably leaves a hideous scar for life. One drop of Monsell's in a fighter's eye is liable to blind him permanently, so you can see how careful a second has to be.

The average second hates like the mischief to see a doctor called to examine a cut on his man. They think the doctors are "too rough."

"I'm behind Joe Scalfaro fighting Johnny Datto, a helluva clouter, in Buffalo one night," says Bimstein, "and Joey has a bad round and comes back to the corner with four cuts—not too bad, mind you; two above and one below the right eye and one above the left eye. But Joe is one of them bleeders, and before we have a chance to say boo the club doctor is up there.

"He grabs the eye and starts tearing the cut apart to examine it.

"Jimmy de Angelo is managing Joe, and he steps in and kinda eases the doctor offa Scalfaro. I snatch my chance and stop the flow, and the bell rings and I send Joe out, and he goes the limit; but if it hadn't been for Jimmy's butting in, the referee woulda stopped the fight on account of Scalfaro bleeding."

Sometimes a second, instead of nursing his man, abuses him. Listen again to Mr. Bimstein:

"I'm behind Fred Apostoli in his first fight with Melio Bettina. Fred's getting quite a shellacking. He comes back to the corner after an especially bad round and starts to cry: 'What's the matter with me? I can't fight.' I don't find anything physically wrong with him, so just before I get out of the ring, I haul off and poke him right in the puss. 'Git out there and do your stuff!' I snarl. Well, sir, he goes out there and bats hell out of Bettina. At the end of the round he comes back smiling and says happily: 'That's what I needed. Sock me again, but hard, and get me mad.' And I did. He went out there fighting mad and turned the tables on Melio, winning the fight by a good margin. Funny, he didn't get mad at Bettina for socking him, and he didn't get mad at *me* for socking him, but when I socked him he got mad at Bettina and it riled him to fighting pitch."

Bimstein used to be partnered with Ray Arcel, and in the old days they'd often find themselves in rival corners. They regarded it as a slow week when they didn't pull down a "grand" between them. But they threatened to become a "monopoly" and so they split up a few years ago. Now Whitey is partnered with Frankie Coco and they're doing right well. Fees for seconds vary a lot, anywhere from five dollars a bout to $3,000. Top-flight seconds never take anything from the four-round kids.

"They're usually poor kids," says Eddie Ross. "They get twenty-five dollars, and out of that they have to pay gym dues, maybe buy shoes and stuff. We take a gamble on these kids, hoping we can develop them."

For a single "call-in" on an important fight a star second gets anywhere from $500 to $750. This means just one night's work. Generally, however, he is hired "for the duration" in a world's championship bout, which means he's on hand through the regular training period.

Seconds like Bimstein, Ross, Benny Benjamin, Ray Arcel, and other stars believe they should be consulted by the Boxing Commissions when it comes to making certain rules. Most of them agree the second should be allowed to "throw in the towel" for his man when he thinks it necessary, and all agree there should be more leeway in the matter of bandaging and taping the hands. Fighters should be allowed to brace their hands, they declare.

Today reputable seconds don't resort to trickery or unfair methods, such as sticking a "horseshoe" in their man's glove or "taping" his hands with plaster-of-Paris bandages or poulticing them with tea lead. That used to be a common practice and was only frowned upon if the second got caught in the act.

Whitey Bimstein did a lot of seconding of American fighters abroad a few years ago. The methods of European seconds were away behind ours. "They were still using only collodion and smelling salts when I was there," Whitey told me. "That's all they knew. They were amazed at my stuff, and I left it all with them when I came back home. It was priceless to them. They also wondered at our method of carrying our stuff in our pockets. I have a pocket for every different article, and always it's the same article in the same pocket. It keeps the fellow in the other corner from knowing what you're doing. We're not allowed to use collodion here any more. But all I ever used it for was to patch up an old cut before the fight."

Benny Leonard was one of the easiest fighters to second, or "handle," and Tony Galento the hardest. Benny was so clever he rarely got mussed up any, and besides he was not what seconds call a "bleeder." I too was lucky in this respect. In fact, I bled very little, and when Tommy Loughran drew a little blood from my nose, in training for my first fight with Tunney, the newspapers made a big to-do about it.

Galento fights with his seconds and won't let them fix cuts. "He actually brushes your hands away when you try to stop the blood from flowing," one of them told me, "and you know what a bleeder he is. I think Tony glories in being gory."

There are a lot of seconds who are a hindrance to a fighter. There was the time a second gave his fighter a mouthful of smelling salts instead of a swallow of water and the poor battler nearly choked to death. And there was the night I teetered back to my corner after a hell-raising round with Luis Firpo, and Kearns was so excited he snatched the smelling salts and took a deep whiff, and the shock of it nearly knocked him off the ring platform.

But the good seconds are pretty efficient. Indeed, efficiency and skill have replaced the old trickery, finagling, and knavery of the rowdy days before Commissions.

THE END

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Girl sticks out neck

Scenes change, adventure beckons in a vivid new novel of pearls and romance and danger

TO the island of Mangareva in the South Seas comes an elderly Belgian, René Claessens, the love of whose life is a pearl necklace which he has assembled over many years. He becomes friendly with Strachey Smith, a young American who lives on the island—for what reason, no one knows—and when Claessens dies he leaves the necklace to Smith with the request that he complete it. Only after the last pearl is added is Smith to open a letter which Claessens has left for him.

For five years Smith dives for pearls. On the day he brings up the final one, a yacht comes into the harbor. As usual when visitors arrive at Mangareva, Smith remains in his house. But he cannot escape these people. Clara Lair, who owns the yacht, has heard that he has a pearl necklace, and she and her poor-relation cousin, Janet Lair, call on him. Smith denies that he has any pearls to sell, and the two women leave. That night Janet, who has been strangely drawn toward the handsome beachcomber, goes ashore. Through the open door of Smith's house she sees him handling a perfect pearl necklace. He looks up, puts the pearls away, and walks slowly toward her. His eyes—bright, she thinks, with madness—are fixed on her throat.

PART TWO—MILADY MAKES A BARGAIN

IT had been many years since Strachey Smith had seen a chic white woman. In the afternoon Janet had been lovely. Now she was glorious. Her great brown eyes were aglow with fear. Her golden-brown hair had made up its mind, and on top, where moonbeams smashed full upon it, it was indisputably red. She wore something simple and silvery blue, which, together with the frightened-fawn crouch into which she'd fallen, accented the lines of a firm, fine, straight young body.

Best of all was her neck. It held up her head as though proud to do so; and it was firm and round and exquisitely smooth; not white, for a white neck would be hideous, but a soft even cream that the blue gown wooed. Not many women have beautiful necks. Shoulders, yes, and arms, and faces too, that not unimportant detail—but a beautiful throat is as rare in a woman as a rich, low, clear, assured voice.

Strachey Smith had never seen a neck like this one, and he approached it slowly, picturing the pearls around it, his own pearls, his and René Claessens'. They were meant to be worn by such a woman as this. Only around her neck would they show their full beauty.

When he was very close to her he stopped, and he started to reach up to touch that neck, even stroke it. As far as he was concerned, the thing was utterly impersonal.

But he remembered himself. "Wait a minute," he whispered, and ran back into the house.

He brought out the pearls. Janet had not moved, and he went quickly to her, went behind her.

"There—"

He put the string around her neck. There was no clasp, but he tied the silk thread ends. Arrangement was not needed. Perfectly balanced, perfectly graduated, the pearls hung

against a perfect breast. Strachey stepped back.

"Why? Why—?" she said. She swallowed. "Could I—could I have a chair?"

"Oh! Sorry!"

He brought out a stool, and she sat on it, and he stood a short distance away staring at her. He did not know that he'd frightened her; he did not know that when he stepped behind her it was a garrote she'd expected, not a priceless necklace.

She looked down, lifting the necklace a little with her forefingers. "They—they're lovely! I thought you said you had no pearls."

"I said I had none for sale. These aren't for sale."

He stared at her lowered eyes and her mouth, not her throat, and said in a quick voice, "I wish you weren't so rich!"

She looked up. "But I'm not rich," she said.

"But the yacht. The—"

"It belongs to Clara. My cousin. I'm the poor relation."

He was embarrassed, and she felt like smiling at him, so she did. She felt like talking, like telling him about it. So she talked. She detailed the position in which she found herself. She described the side of Clara only those subordinate to her could see. She told of the petty insults, of humiliations never public but no less acute for that. She felt this man was interested, but why she didn't know. She had to tell him. His pearls around her neck, she sat in the moonlight and told him all that was in her heart.

"I'm done with it," she said. "I'll have to go back to America with the Zuleika, of course, but if I could afford to pay my own passage home I'd get off at Papeete. And all her life Clara'd curse me for an ingrate. I don't care. She will anyway, when I leave her in New York. I don't know what I'll do, but I'll get some kind of job." She stopped and smiled. "Do you know why I'm telling you all this?"

"I'm glad you have," he said, and seemed to relapse into thought. He was looking at her, studying her, as he stood there in the soft white

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

sand. She felt easier now. It was no madman she was with.

"So you're looking for a job?"

"I will be when I get back. What's that got to do with it?"

"Because I was thinking of offering you one."

His tone was grave. She smiled.

"I love it here, but how could I be of any use? I'm not a stenographer, I'm not a nurse, I can't even cook."

"I didn't mean here. I meant in New York."

"New York? You're going back?"

"I may. It depends on you."

The water of the lagoon slapped up and hissed gently away, again and again reaching for his feet, which were bare. The coconut trees were in furtive conference overhead.

"I want to make you a proposition," he said. "Oh, it's a perfectly decent proposition, even though a little—odd. You must believe me when I say that this is strictly business. You can believe that?"

She nodded. It was all fantastic, made of the moonlight, yet she did believe him.

"The job will only last for three or four weeks, and it will pay, I suppose, say a hundred dollars a week—and expenses. But it won't be much work and you'll have plenty of time to look around for something else."

"It seems made to my measure."

"Wait till you hear the proposition." He put his hands on his hips. "The string of pearls around your neck has never been worn by anybody else. It belongs to me, legally, but in a sort of way I figure that it really belongs to a little Belgian named Claessens. He's dead now. But he collected most of those pearls. A few I got. One of them I fished up myself just this morning. The biggest one, the center."

Janet looked down at it. "Oh, the lovely!" she said.

"It is," said Strachey. "But when I found it I also found I had taken on a new obligation. Claessens left a letter for me to open only when the string was complete and perfect. Today I read it."

"What did it say?"

"René asked me to take the necklace to New York."

"To sell?"

"No; that's the funny part of it. I am to show the string to a pearl dealer in Maiden Lane, one Claude Joubet, who obviously was an old friend and rival of Claessens."

"Go on," said Janet.

"He will, René's letter says, show me a necklace that he has been collecting. If in my judgment his string is more beautiful than this one, then these pearls are mine to do with as I choose. If this is the finer—"

"What then?"

"René wanted it to be given to the museum in Brussels, which was his native city."

"But the pearls that you bought and dived for? Do you have to give them away too?"

"That's the strangest part of it. René seemed very short of funds, but in his letter he left a bank draft on Papeete to my order for enough money to pay me for the pearls I would have to add and for all the expenses of the trip to New York."

"His dream must have been very strong—"

"It was his life," said Strachey. "I'll have to go—"

Janet felt in that moment that the man had made a decision that was important to him, and the impression was strong in her that he would go to New York against his judgment, his wish, and even, it flashed over her, his safety.

"Yes," she said; "you'll have to go. But why do I come into it?"

Strachey's intent gaze moved from her face to the pearls and back again.

"This way," he said. "It may be a silly superstition, but René believed it, and I do too. Pearls never reach the height of their beauty unless they are worn. They take on a warmth and a fire from the living person whose skin they caress."

"I've heard often," said Janet, "that pearls seem to die if they are not worn."

"That's just the reason I want you to take this job," said the man. "I want this string to be better than Joubet's, if only for René's sake. They deserve all I can give them. They should be worn by somebody like you, and they should be worn in the proper establishments, in the proper surroundings. I want other people to see them—people who'll appreciate them. Then, when they are in their top form, I'll show them to Joubet."

She nodded. "Yes, I see."

"When you get back to New York, wait for me. I'll pay you a hundred dollars a week from the time you arrive until the job's over. The schooner from Tahiti is due here soon, and I'll go back with her and catch a freighter to San Francisco and fly across the country. I'll get there almost as soon as you do."

"What am I supposed to do?" she asked.

"Nothing until I get there. And after that all you do is let me take you out—wearing the pearls. I want to see the pearls at the Metropolitan, at the Ritz, at "21" and the Stork Club. Daytime will be your own, but nights you'll belong to me. But understand; this is purely a business proposition! Your job ends every night at your doorstep."

"You could hire a professional model. She'd be cheap—"

"I don't want a professional model. I want you. I want some one who'll be at home in those places. And—I—I don't happen to want publicity, and models have press agents."

HE paused. When he continued after a moment, it seemed to Janet there was a note of entreaty in his voice. It was as though he were making love to her, there under silvered palms on the beach at Mangareva, there at the edge of the moon-smeared lagoon.

"They look perfect on you. I'm seeing that now. And I'd like to see it again and in the right places. It's all I ask—that you let me be your escort. Evening gowns would come under the head of expenses, just as tickets and taxis and so forth will." He pushed sand away with his toes. "As far as I'm concerned, you needn't worry. *Any* man with you, when you've got those pearls on, would be inconspicuous. And I won't be in a *pareu*, of course!"

"I'm sure you won't," she said, a smile trembling on her lips.

"But I won't blame you if you turn me down. Listen. Look at me—"

She looked up. She wasn't frightened now. She was excited, as he was too, though he remained motionless and his voice was low and even.

"You're probably wondering why, when you get back to New York, you should sit around and wait for a man to appear from the other side of the world. What guaranty would you have? What security? Well, I'll offer you the best security I know. Take the pearls with you."

She must have cried out—she made some kind of noise. But he talked on: "You won't have to smuggle them. They can be taken through customs in bond, and if they should be sold, the duty would be paid then. They're yours until our business association is ended. If anything should happen so that I didn't show up, then you must show them to Joubet. Take them—now. They're your security. That is, if you also take the job. Do you?"

The tips of her fingers were touching the pearls, but she did not look down at them, nor yet up at Strachey Smith. Instead she looked across the lagoon to where the water on the reef, so far away that she couldn't hear its mutter, lifted and fell in lathered rage.

After a long while she said, "Yes."

THE Sally, done in rose and black by its decorators, was done almost to death by its clientele. Nobody knew why. The Sally was easy to get to, it was clean, it was no more expensive than the next joint; but these, like its other virtues, were negative. There was nothing extraordinary about the Sally, except that Everybody went there. The headwaiter was competent and tolerably well known, but no international celebrity. The manager, though amiable, would never be mentioned in memoirs of the 1940s as a character. What the food was like nobody knew, because nobody ever ordered any; but the drinks were good, and, considering the mob, so was the service. Patrons of the Sally, like patrons of the subway, learned to keep their elbows pressed to their sides except when needed for movement from place to place; but the chairs themselves were comfortable. There was no floor show, which was all right, since the customers came to look not at legs and bangles but at one another. The music was excellent, when heard. There was even a certain amount of dance floor—used, however, primarily for the purpose of showing off newcomers important enough to rate ringside tables—and also in order to *have* a ringside. The Sally called itself a "supper club" rather than a mere vulgar "night club." It was supposed to be swank, in furtherance of which notion persons not in evening dress were refused admittance, while the black ties and tacky hair-dos were shooed severely into corners. It was supposed to be exclusive and a great fuss was made about reservations, but in fact anybody with the price and the clothes could get in.

The big point was that, for whatever reason or for no reason at all, if you aspired to amount to anything in what used to be called Broadway and is now known as café society, you had to make an appearance at the Sally at least twice a week. A really earnest pusher would be seen there every night.

DRINK?" asked Strachey.

"Well, I suppose I ought to have one in front of me."

"Two brandies and water," Strachey told the waiter, and he named the brandy. He said to Janet, "They would have put us nearer the middle, but I asked for this place. I don't want to be too conspicuous."

"Then you'd better get over the habit of sneaking long stares at my beads," she told him, smiling. "This is a small town, after all, and if some columnist's wandering eye happens to fix itself on that gaze of yours some night, we're going to find ourselves talked about. Besides, if you want me to look my best, as you always say, you must make me feel like a woman—not just a neck."

"I'm sorry!"

She smiled again and touched his forearm.

"*I'm* sorry. You really have beautiful manners, and nobody but an old crank like me would dream of complaining."

They were the best of friends, and had been from the beginning; for they had tastes in common, they liked each other, and they thought the same things were funny, the same things despicable.

Janet, even at times like this, preferred to think of him as he had looked that night on the beach at Rikitea; and even more she liked to remember how he had talked then, the tenderness in his voice when he was making love—not to her, for he'd never done that, but to the pearls she wore. There was a great supply of tenderness in this man, but he tried hard to keep it from showing. Careful? He was careful with her, certainly. He could and did talk lightly about light things; he was entertaining; but he never spoke of his own past life and scrupulously avoided mentioning how he felt toward her as a person.

Yet was he so careful about other things? She had a conviction that he was even now engaged in some risky business. Even in Rikitea she'd felt a shadow. Now she had noticed that, though in the dark of the opera or a theater he would relax, in such places as the Sally, or in the

(*Continued on page 27*)

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big new Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

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BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

(*Continued from page 24*)

great glittery restaurants where they dined, he made a point of sitting so that he faced the door, and his eyes, when they were not upon the pearls, flicked searchingly across the faces of newcomers. Was he afraid of something? She believed that he was. She said nothing about this.

"It's a bit different from Mangareva," he said lazily.

"You know, I loved that place. I've thought about it a lot. I suppose it would be hard for a white woman to live there, and I don't suppose one in a thousand could adjust herself—but I've got an idea that I'm the thousandth. But of course I'll never find out. Yet I do love the place."

"It's worth loving. It drove me almost nuts, at first, out of sheer lonesomeness. I don't know what I would have done if René Claessens hadn't come along when he did. But I got the hang of it after a while. You can't help being fond of those natives. They're nothing but kids, but they're the sweetest-tempered kids in the world. And as far as work's concerned, a man who really wants to find work can always find it. As a matter of fact, a white man with a certain amount of capital to start with could make a pretty decent thing out of handling what business there is there. I don't mean exploiting the natives! I mean just the opposite—giving them a break. You could be honest and still make money; but you'd have to have some to begin with."

SHE tasted her brandy.

"I'm sure that this stuff costs at least a dollar and a half a drink. *You* don't seem to be broke, my mysterious beachcomber!"

"I am, though. Or practically. Except for René's money." He was gloomy now. "Truth is, I'm afraid our litttle frolic together is going to have to sizzle out just as it's getting a nice start. I've only been here a little over a week, but in about one week more I'm going to have to pull up stakes for home. The pearls could not be better, I think."

He was not grumbling; he was simply stating a fact. If in this past week he had never thrown money away—for that would be to attract attention—surely he had not been stingy. He had wanted the best for both of them and had bought it. No, he was not uttering a complaint. They knew each other too well for that—it was amazing how well they had come to know each other—and it was not in his nature to find fault with the performance when he himself had called the turn. To be sure, he owned this necklace, but he felt his ownership was only a trust and he had never even thought of raising money on it.

He wouldn't want to dribble off, counting his change, going to less splendiferous places, sitting in less desirable seats. That was not his way. Still less would he care for any foolish protests on her part, or any attempt to console him.

"Well," she said, "you got what you came for."

"Yes."

Strachey was looking around—not merely toward the door now, but all around—and thinking that what she said about this being a small town was true. He had come to New York the first time fresh from college, and it seemed to him then an immense place, big enough for any man to get lost in. Yet now, paradoxically, after almost eight years of Rikitea, Manhattan had become small to him. Not the city itself but that part of it in which he was interested.

He should have gone to some other place where he'd be safe—San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago. But none of these was the same as New York. None had the truly glittering, impersonal, goldfish-bowl society that could surround Janet—Janet and the pearls—like a frame. No other American city would do; and London, Paris, Monte Carlo were out of the question because of the war.

IN a different city, however, he would not have been obliged to share Janet's company with another man. Janet never saw this third person, and Strachey, who had tried so hard to shake him, wished he himself were similarly blind; for Jenkie La Rue was no beauty with his chalky, swag-cheeked, fish-eyed face and the petulant droop of his long and bloodless mouth. Those eyes, in particular, Strachey would never forget. When a man is dead his eyes should be closed. It was not decent that a dead man's eyes should stay open, gray-green and expressionless like Jenkie's, staring at nothing, fishy, slack, large, glazed. Strachey in Rikitea had after a long struggle banished Jenkie La Rue, though sometimes, on nights when he was not tired enough to sleep, the fishy eyes were there to stare unblinking at him; but in New York Jenkie came back and took his place as naturally as though he were alive.

Yes, Strachey had no business being here. It had not been only the pearls, though carrying out Claessens' desire was most important; it was also true that he had wanted once more to ride in a taxi, to sip a Martini, to see a show. He had trained himself to get along without the company of his fellow Americans, and he had pretty thoroughly erased the flaccid countenance of Jenkie La Rue, mentally insisting, with a firmness not easily acquired, that it should not stay with him always. He could meet the prospect of never hearing English again, for this was a huge and not audible thing that could be beaten by straightforward methods. But, oh, how wormlike and roundabout, and how unsquashable, had been the desire, the very existence of which had been unknown to him until recently, to stand just once more in front of the window of a Fifth Avenue shop and wonder idly whether he needed shirts! Just once more to cock an opera hat at the proper angle, and stand at the curb and signal a cab, wondering, Well, where'll I eat tonight?

All right. He had got that. It wasn't that he didn't like it—he did—but he liked too the life in Mangareva, and he had had enough of New York.

The trouble was, he had not had enough of Janet.

It was a damned stupid thing he'd done. If he had wanted to stick his own neck out, that was his business; but the way he had done it involved her, and this was not fair. He might yet be picked up any day, at any hour. And then what would Janet think? It was a hell of a spot to put her in—she who did not know about the presence of the third person at their table.

As she had said, it was a small town, after all. He understood that now. It was only natural, considering her family and the way she had lived, that she should encounter acquaintances every night. Sensing the way he felt, she introduced them to him only when this was unavoidable. What was alarming was that Strachey himself not infrequently saw faces he remembered. New York is a place where they come and go, where change is of the very essence of life, and he had supposed that after eight years he would find himself a stranger in a city of strangers, as indeed he had almost been before. He was mistaken. Faces kept clicking in his sight—not the phantom blank expressionless face of Jenkie La Rue, but those of others: a waiter here, a bartender there, a doorman, a casual customer. Again and again he would find himself confronted by somebody whom he had known somehow, somewhere, in the old days. The man would perhaps not remember him. Or else the man would open his mouth to speak—and Strachey would turn away, letting slip, he hoped, no glimmer of recognition, praying that the man might believe himself to have been mistaken.

But it was hard; it was a strain; and he was getting jittery. Distinctly he jumped in his chair when a hand fell on his shoulder and somebody said, "Hello, Strach! Long time no see!"

WHEN he turned, getting up, there was a smile on his face, for by that time he had placed the voice from out of the past and he was not sorry to hear it but glad. Walt Morgan, indeed, was probably the only person in New York Strachey actually did wish to see. He had thought of looking him up, but didn't know how, Walt's name not being in the telephone book.

"Good to see you again. Yes, I've been away."

Walt looked the same. He must have been born with that ice-blue hair, no wisp of which could ever

have been out of place even while he slept. His blue eyes still had that slightly dreamy cast. His mouth still held, as though tentatively, an uncertain but amiable smile. These things did not change with a man like Walt Morgan. Nor did his hands. His hands had always been one of the most remarkable things about him. Even in the Sally, where assuredly every man, the customers, waiters, barmen, had immaculate hands and well manicured nails, even here the hands of Walt Morgan stood out. Undecorated, smooth, stumpy, the nails treated with a dull polish, they shrieked strength. They were delicate doers, incalculably sensitive and powerful. They were not merely clean: they looked as though they had never been anything else. Perhaps that was one reason why none of his acquaintances ever was able to imagine Walt Morgan as a boy but thought that he must always have been as he was now, since his hair had never been seen to be mussed, his hands had never been seen to be dirty.

Strachey introduced them but did not ask Walt to sit down. Walt's manners were impeccable. People were watching him, presumably, as people usually were, and his expression was one of mild and slightly whimsical good humor, an expression he had worn for years. Yet Strachey Smith could see something else in the clear blue eyes. They said, fleetingly and for him alone: "What in heaven's name are you doing back in New York? Get out of here! *Get out!*" Walt meanwhile was saying something about the music.

Strachey thought that he must be one of the few men in the world who had ever seen that famous face off guard. The last time he had seen it, on the terrible night when he was smuggled aboard the freighter in Brooklyn, it was not as it was now! He could remember—he'd never forget—Walt Morgan thrusting the fat roll of cash into his hand. "Don't stop to argue! Your check's good, and I'll have it cashed before the banks open. I might have to do some explaining, but I'm used to that. I've got my connections. The cops wouldn't dare beat me up. Don't write! You'd only get us both into trouble." Then the smile, the full warm thorough smile, not that uncertain one that usually hung on his lips. And the handshake. "God bless you, Strach! You never meant to hurt anybody, and if they do nab you I'll take the stand and perjure myself red in the face for you. But of course—you know yourself that it wouldn't do much good. Go a long ways away, Strach. And *stay away!*"

For Walt Morgan, who now was saying politenesses to Janet about the pearls she wore, was aware of the presence of that uninvited person. *He* could see Jenkie La Rue.

"They're waiting for me. Goodby, Miss Lair. Look me up sometime, Strach." He found a cardcase. His eyes, for Strachey only, yelled, "Get out! For heaven's sake, run away!" He extracted a card. "Not living in New Rochelle any longer. Up on West Eighty-fourth now, near the park. Drop in sometime."

"Thanks; I'll do that."

They bowed, neither paying any attention to Jenkie La Rue, who sat leering, a man whom they alone in the room could see. Walt went off.

Janet looked after him. "That's the gambler, isn't it?"

"That's the gambler," Strachey confirmed. He waxed defensive. "I know he's an underworld figure and all that, but I'm sure he isn't half what they say of him. He couldn't be, and be as nice as he is."

"He *is* nice," Janet conceded.

"And it's more than just his manner. He's been a mighty good friend to me. Did me a favor once I'm never going to forget."

SHE was giving him a strange wondering look. She was thinking of the casual way he had turned up, after she'd waited three weeks in New York, dropping in at her hotel with no more fuss than if he had just come over from Jersey. "Hello," he'd said. "Where shall we eat—the Marguery?" Just like that. In the week since then they had never seen one another in daylight, but from cocktails to cockcrow they'd gone everywhere. And in that while, she was thinking, Strachey had never spoken to any acquaintance, nor had any such spoken to him—until now.

He seemed to know nobody else in New York except herself and the country's most celebrated gambler.

He always read her thoughts easily, and he did so now.

"No, I'm not a member of that profession myself," he said.

"Strachey, I didn't mean—"

"That's all right. I just wanted you to know. I did used to be pretty fond of poker, but I only played once in a game with Walt."

"Did you lose much?"

"As a matter of fact, I won three hundred and sixty dollars. Though the game was never finished. It was—interrupted."

"How exciting! A raid?"

"N-no. Not a raid."

She was casting about for a graceful way to change the conversation, when with a little shriek of gladness Clara joined them.

"*Janet darling!* I've been down to White Sulphur, and I was just wondering— Why, Mr. Smith! Of all persons to meet on this side of the world! It just goes to show, doesn't it?"

There was malice in her chirrup, and they both felt it. She had certainly seen the pearls.

Will Clara, jealous of Janet's possession of the pearls, try to make trouble? Will Strachey answer Walt Morgan's unspoken appeal to go away? Is Janet in danger? Next week brings new surprises in this fast-paced mystery novel.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

HUGH and Margery Kent decided to sell their vast old ark of a Victorian house but couldn't flush a buyer. "No wonder!" said Mrs. Kent. "What woman would think of trying to work in our gloomy, uncomfortable kitchen?" A neighbor and friend of the Kents is architect Allmon Fordyce, who crusades for kitchen perfection. After he took charge they no longer wanted to sell. Now their kitchen is too much fun to part with. They practically live in it, and are gradually remodeling the rest of the place to match. . . . That's the way a house should be, according to Mr. Fordyce. He strives to revive the *home* value of the old-time kitchen while installing every convenience of modern equipment. "But let's keep the mechanical units where they belong," he says. "A woman's kitchen is the heart of her home. It isn't a factory and it need not look like a factory or hospital. It can attain the highest degree of up-to-date efficiency and still be *homey.*" . . . As designer of the Living Kitchen shown at the New York World's Fair, Allmon Fordyce was associated with Norman Bel Geddes in visioning the architectural possibilities of our domestic future. Taking a cocktail with me recently, Mr. Fordyce described the *Dream Kitchen* he has planned for us. . . . Along one wall, at eye level, it will have three smallish separate refrigerators, respectively for meats, vegetables and fruit, butter and beverages, cheese, etc. Suitably different temperatures will be maintainable. Beneath the refrigerators runs a *production line* workbench at table height. On it, properly spaced, are your electric cookers—oven, broiler, toaster. Tools and utensils, carving knives, forks and ladles, pots and pans, are in drawers and cupboards under the workbench. Wheeled tables, electrically connected, permit you to push hot meals out on the veranda, the lawn, or to any room you please. Mr. Fordyce believes in following the sun at mealtimes; says there's no law compelling us to eat always in the same spot. . . . For kitchen decoration, he upholds bright colors—gay linoleums, gay curtains and shelf coverings, vividly painted chairs, and a decorated ceiling. The kitchen ceiling has no work function, he contends—is therefore free for art.

The ideal size for a kitchen, in his opinion, is 16 feet by 14 feet. He says the kitchen table should be large enough for the man of the house to have an eight-handed poker party—when the lady of the house is away.

☆ The latent knave in me —and I'll bet in you, too—can't help rejoicing when somebody puts a slick one over within the law. Merrill Denison, a writer I know who does historical research, picked up an early American fireplace shovel for three fifty at an antique shop in New Hampshire. Sent it to his summer place in Toronto, but the express people tried to charge him freight and storage amounting to eight dollars. Merrill said, "Confiscate! I won't pay!" Some months later, when the express company auctioned off unclaimed articles, Merrill was there with a bright eye on his shovel. Bought it back for twenty-five cents.

☆ Dorée Smedley travels around the country lecturing on *looks-repair* to audiences of women at department stores. She classifies difficult figures as follows: hip-heavy, top-heavy, tummy-bulge, thin-and-angular, and half-size. In plain sensible language she tells women who have such figures how they may dress to offset their handicaps. I'm glad to see Mrs. Smedley advocates studying a series of snapshot photographs of yourself, taken specially for the purpose. Several years ago I made the same recommendation. She says have pictures snapped while you're pulling on your gloves, while raising your head as though some one were calling you, and others that show you walking, bending, sitting, reaching, etc. From them you should be able to correct your carriage and poise. Excellent idea!

☆ In her new book, You're Only Young Twice, Dorée Smedley deals intelligently with the subject of appearance improvement in every detail. (Simon & Schuster. $2.)

"You and your back-seat driving!"

☆ Next week I'll start suggesting Lenten recipes, so here's a rich and tasty *Sherry Oxtail Ragout* to brace you for the meatless days: . . . Have butcher cut 1 oxtail in 2-inch pieces. Brown quickly in 2 tablespoons hot butter. Remove pieces from pan and lay them in fireproof dish. Now in same butter brown 1 carrot sliced thick, 1 chopped onion, 1 stalk celery also cut up. Put vegetables on meat; add 1 tablespoon minced parsley, salt, pepper, 1 bay leaf, a small pinch of powdered cloves, and 2 cups water. Cover tight. Cook slowly for 3 hours over low flame. Fifteen minutes before serving, thicken the gravy slightly with a little cornstarch diluted in water. Let ragout boil up, then add 3 tablespoons California sherry wine. Mashed potatoes and a fresh green salad go best with this.

Thrills! — A flaming tale of a beauty in peril and a young man's strange lesson in love
Her clothing swirled, her face was lighted in a smile. "Now!" Martin said.

BY THOMAS ROURKE

Dance of the Passion Flower

IN the city of Caracas the fiesta of Santos Pedro y Pablo is a big event, for there are so many who bear those names. There is a bullfight in the afternoon, and then *retreta* in the Plaza Bolivar, and in the evening the theaters and night clubs are crowded.

At a table in the Coq d'Or Martin Driscoll woke up when his chin dropped down on his shirt bosom. He opened one eye, looking down at the wrinkled and whisky-stained lapels of his white dinner jacket. "Frightful!" he muttered. He raised his head with an effort and watched the people dancing, nodding to the beat of the rumba music. The dancers were all blurred, packed together, moving much too fast, it seemed, all with the same fixed, dull look, the lights going around in streaks like shooting stars. The effort became too great and he dropped his head again and closed his eyes.

He didn't see her come over to the table. He woke at the sound of her voice, speaking in English. It was the Spanish dancer, the one they called La Mariposa, the one who did the hot number that always got the native chaps. She still had on her make-up but she was in street clothes.

"Hello," he said. "What was it you said?"

"You're having quite a binge, I said."

"You talk like an American."

"I *am* an American—both sides. Born and raised."

"What am I supposed to do—get up and cheer?"

"I doubt if you could get up. You don't seem to be enjoying your binge very much."

"It isn't the object."

"It's a lengthy binge. This is your fifth night here, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't know, lady. You seem to be the one who keeps the records. What'll you have to drink?"

"Nothing, thanks."

"So you're not a percentage gal. Well, I'll have a touch anyway."

"I doubt if they'll serve you. They're closing up."

The room had stopped going around. Driscoll saw that the musicians had left the platform and there were only a few people left at the tables, slumped over.

"Well, let's go somewhere else where we *can* get a drink."

Outside, the stars were very clear over the dark buildings and the mountain air had a chill in it. Driscoll took a deep breath that cleared away the last trace of dizziness and left him not sober, but feeling good, ready for anything. A horse coach stood by the curb and two ragged peons scrambled from the seat, bowing and clutching their guitars.

"Pepe and Casimiro, the two best damn *cantadores* in all Mehico—no, this is Venezuela," Driscoll said. "Señorita—what did you say your name was?"

"Professionally, Pepita Flores, La Mariposa. To you, Sara Lynch."

"Irish. Yes—blue eyes and black hair. Pretty, too, now that I notice."

The leather seat smelled strongly of horse, the way his father's old buggy used to smell back in Illinois, Driscoll remembered. The peons squatted at their feet, squirming to make room for the guitars.

"To the *barrio* San José," Driscoll said to the *cochero*.

"*Si, señor.*" The *cochero* whipped up the horse and the hoofbeats began to echo in the narrow deserted streets.

"Pepe, play Margarita Punzo."

"*A la orden, señor.*"

They hit a chord and swung into the melody and Driscoll sang the words softly:

"*Caminito del campo,*
Por el sendero
Iba mi amor, iba mi amor—

"*Iba mi amor*—she was my love. Pretty, don't you think?"

"Very pretty," she said, smiling.

The peons bent over their instruments, running from one song to another—*joropos, paso-dobles,* tangos—and the coach clattered along the smooth palm-lined streets until they were on the cobbled streets of the *barrio*. They stopped at a corner *botaquin* where the crowd had overflowed and had gathered outside under the gas lamp.

"What will you have, Sara?"

"Nothing, if you don't mind."

"The girl doesn't drink. I'll have a whisky-and-soda."

The whole *barrio* was wide awake and noisy, and they drove from one corner to another, stopping at the *botaquines*. It was the same everywhere—dark faces gleaming in the lamplight, the peon men and women crowding about the coach and dancing to the music of the guitars. Driscoll drank whisky-soda and bought rum for all the peons. The musicians pounded out a *corrido*, making up the verses as they went, vying with each other in singing the praises of La Bella Mariposa and the Señor Americano. Every one cheered, joining in the choruses.

"Get out and show them a *joropo*," Driscoll said.

She climbed down, laughing, and then she gave them such a dance as they'd never seen. "*Viva!*" they yelled, standing aside to watch, getting their breath, the perspiration streaming down their faces. Driscoll got down and danced with her, doing pretty well, considering.

"Oh, this is fun!" she said. "I've always wanted to go on a *paranda*, but there was no one I dared go with."

"*Mil gracias.* I couldn't dance this way if I were sober."

"If you drink any more you'll spoil it. Why don't you stand on what you have?"

"And let it die? I should think not. Mozo, a whisky-soda, and rum for every one!"

Then, suddenly, they were singing a song about one Don Gregorio. It was a parody of a popular melody, full of satire and political allusions.

"Time to go," Driscoll said. He stopped dancing at once and took her elbow. "Do you know who Don Gregorio is? It's the name they use for old Gómez, the dictator."

"*Que se muere el viejo!*" some one shouted. "May the old man

die!" Every one took it up, "*Que se muere!*" and then there was a chorus of cries, all mixed up. "*Abajo la tirania!*" "Down with tyranny!"

They were back in the coach then. "The rum's making them mighty brave," Driscoll said, "and the fact that the old man is dying. We'll go somewhere else. The cops will be down on this bunch in about two minutes."

"What will happen if he dies?"

"Heaven knows. Most anything, I'd say."

They drove off to another *barrio*, going from one *botaquin* to another until nearly dawn. Driscoll slumped over in the seat at last and closed his eyes, and Sara Lynch gave an order to the *cochero* quietly.

THE bright sunlight struck through the slats of the window and fell on Martin's eyes, waking him. His head was like a big empty drum that throbbed from some sort of percussion. Something was beating on the drum—a rhythmic, rippling beating that surged and fell, each rapid tap like a hammer on his skull. Castanets, *nombre de Dios!*

"*Cállate, por favor!*" he yelled. "Stop that noise, please!"

The tapping stopped and a girl's laugh came from somewhere outside. He raised his head then and said, "Concha!" He was in shorts and undershirt, in a strange bed, in a strange room.

There was a tap on the patio door and a servant in a white coat came in with a tray, tiptoeing.

"Are you awake, señor? *Buenos días.* Here is your coffee."

Martin choked on the hot bitter stuff but it cleared his head.

"Where, name of the saints, am I? Have the kindness."

"At the Pensión Vargas, señor."

The Vargas. He knew the place. It was a small respectable *pensión* near the center of the city.

He was lighting a cigarette when he saw Sara come in, smiling, looking very fresh and lovely. She was even prettier without make-up. She sat on a chair beside the bed, fingering the castanets lightly against her palms.

"Did I disturb you? I was practicing."

"You nearly took off the top of my head. How did I get here?"

"I brought you."

"You don't say! And did you undress me as well?"

"No, I had Rafael do that. And I had your trunks brought from the hotel."

"You did what?"

"I don't think the Majestic is a very good place for you, with all the drinking that goes on there. It's nice and quiet here. And the food's good, too."

"Listen. Do you think I might have a small brandy now, just for medicine?"

"I think that would be all right. Rafael, bring Mr. Driscoll a small brandy, please."

She had about six small freckles on her nose and her eyes were big blue things with long lashes around them. He could see where she got it now. That firm oval chin meant something.

"It would be presumptuous of me, I suppose, to ask what all this is about?"

"Wouldn't you say that a person was drinking too much when he had been carried from the Coq d'Or five nights running?"

"So you'll reform me."

"I thought I'd try."

"No particular reason, I presume?"

"You're an American and I was ashamed of you, I suppose. I used

"Yes, this is the Acme Soap Company."

to hear nasty remarks from the waiters and customers. But I guess I was foolish, for you couldn't stop drinking now if you tried."

"I won't rise to that. You're clever, but I can see through that one."

Rafael came in with the brandy, and when it was down Martin felt better. "Now," he said, "let's get the facts. What are you doing here, anyway?"

"I'm a dancer—a serious one, I hope. I came to South America to study the native dances. I went everywhere—the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Peru—giving concerts to pay my way. When I landed here my money ran out and I had to take a job at the Coq d'Or to make my passage home. Now tell me about the girl."

"The girl?"

"Yes."

"I've always heard the Irish are fey. Well, she was a blonde named Marcia—not like you at all. I got an engineering job down here with an oil company and did pretty well in five years, but she made a career of her own in New York and did better than I. She couldn't see making her life down here. The blow fell last week. Just a cable—ten words, even. She was marrying another guy."

"I thought it was something like that."

"I was supposed to go out on a new job in the eastern part of the country—take charge of a new development. It was the chance I'd been waiting for and I'd hoped she'd go with me. I turned the job down."

"And went on a blind."

"I'd been thinking about her for five years, remember that."

"May I have a cigarette?" She took one from his pack and lit it herself, ignoring his hand that shook, holding the match. She spoke out through the cloud of smoke, casually.

"Were you thinking of her, or of some one you imagined was her?"

"Listen. Don't play games, please. I'm in no condition for double talk."

"Well, I was wondering. Wouldn't the girl you loved have to love you enough to give up her life for yours? Wouldn't she have to be that kind of girl—to fit the picture you had?"

"You get worse and worse. I never thought of it that way. It's a pretty big thing to expect, especially from a girl who has built up something for herself. She was all wrapped up in it. How about you? You're pretty hot on your career, I imagine."

"Yes. Terribly."

"Well?"

Sara spoke slowly, looking down and grinding the stub into an ash tray. "I think I could give it up. Yes, I know I would—if I loved him."

Martin was quiet for awhile, studying her. You could see what she was, just looking at her. You could see she'd made a dancer of herself, the way a tennis player does when he hopes to be champion some day. The young hard body—not too hard, either, that would spoil it. Lean and perfectly disciplined, all the muscles co-ordinated, every line trained down to just the right degree for strength and grace. You could imagine all the years of constant work that had brought it about. The fierce urge behind it, driving her to shape her body as well as her mind for what she wanted. Beside that, what Marcia had done was nothing.

SPEAKING of being ashamed—for a fellow American and so on," he said. "That one dance you do. La Flor de Pasión they call it, don't they?"

"Yes. The Passion Flower."

"Well, it isn't what you'd call a credit to the nation, is it?"

"It wouldn't be considered very daring in the States."

"No, but it's different here. You couldn't help notice the way the native lads burn up when you dish it out."

"I know, and I don't like it, honestly. Ricardo—he's the boss—insists I do it to please the customers. He worked up the number himself."

"I must still be slightly under the influence or I wouldn't climb away out like this; but I tell you what. I'll make you a bargain, since you're set on reforming me. I'll go on the

wagon if you lay off that hot number. We'll call it for the honor of the nation."

THE city went about its normal way, outwardly calm, but underneath there was a pervading tension, a general uneasiness. There was always a little knot of silent people gathered in front of the Nuevo Diario, waiting for the bulletins that were posted hourly. The old man was still hanging on. For twenty-seven years he had held the country like an apple in his hand, eating from it; and all that time no man could speak his mind in public. But now he was dying. It looked as though he was done for at last.

They were together as much as possible during those days. They both seemed to want it, without speaking of it, and they fell into a sort of routine. Sara had a little trouble with Ricardo, but he had given in finally and she substituted a dance she worked up from part of de Falla's Amor Brujo for her second number. Every evening Martin waited outside in the coach, and when Sara was through at twelve they would drive for an hour or so in the cool starlit night. Sometimes Pepe and Casimiro would be with them and sometimes there were just the two of them alone; but they didn't visit the *barrios* nor stop at the *botaquines*. They drove along the quiet winding drives of the suburban residential section and sometimes they climbed up to El Calvario, where they would stop and look down on the lights of the city, blinking in the dark mountain bowl. That was the nicest part.

He often wondered afterward what they had talked about so much. He never knew there were so many things two people could talk about; and he'd never known a girl with whom he could talk about his work before. But Sara wanted to know all about it. She pressed him with questions, and he was surprised at the sense of pleasure it gave him. He had never been able to talk to Marcia about his work. She wasn't interested in it at all. And then it was strange, too, how he found himself listening to everything Sara had to tell him—about her life and her work, about music and dancing, things he'd never taken much interest in before. Maybe her voice had something to do with it—the animated, breathless sort of way she spoke.

"You know," she said to him one time, "I knew you were really a nice person, even when I first saw you at the Coq d'Or; but I wasn't prepared for what you turned out to be. I had no designs on you—except to straighten you out. But I love having some one to see all this with me. It's all so new to me and thrilling, and I've been going it alone for so long. You miss something of it that way—having no one to share it with and talk about it."

"Yes, I've felt that, too."

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore

MMM. A STOUT LITTLE SHIP, MR. MOORE.
LET'S ASK THE SKIPPER TO MAKE A WHISKEY COMPARISON FOR US, MR. MATTINGLY.
ONE OF THESE WHISKIES SELLS FOR ABOUT $1.50 A PINT — THE OTHER IS A LOT LESS EXPENSIVE
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He never stopped to think what was happening to him. He only knew that sometimes he was surprised to realize that he wasn't thinking of Marcia much any more—and when he did, it was usually because of some comparison between her and Sara. It would just pop up suddenly. "Marcia would never have said that." Or, "Imagine Marcia in a spot like that." That sort of thing. But what surprised him most was how easy it was to lay off drinking. He didn't feel like the stuff at all.

Sara, because she was a woman perhaps, knew and acknowledged it to herself. It came over her suddenly once, when he took her hand, joking about how soft it was, and laid the palm against his cheek. She knew then, from the feeling it gave her. And it grew rapidly after that until she found herself watching his mouth when he talked, wanting to touch his hair where it curled behind his close-set ears, moving closer to him to sniff his clean sunburned smell.

IT was the sixth evening after the fiesta of Santos Pedro y Pablo that Ricardo came into Sara's dressing room, his round good-natured face wrinkled up with worry.

"Pepita," he said, giving a big sigh, "we must put on the old number. My whole future is at stake. You are an artist, you are too good for this miserable place—and I have tried to help you. My old customers have been complaining with a violence tremendous and you yourself have heard how they clamor for La Flor whenever you appear. These evenings no one is drinking. They sit quietly at the tables, talking about this political crisis, about what will happen if Gómez dies. There is no enthusiasm, there is nothing here to kindle their spirits and draw their hands from their pockets. All this I have suffered in order to please you."

Sara stood very rigid against the dressing table, her knuckles white from gripping it so hard.

"I can't do it, Ricardo. It's impossible."

Ricardo opened his palms, looking as though he were going to cry. "My whole future is at stake, perhaps even my life. Here is what has happened: Don Jaime sent word that he is bringing a party here tonight and he insists that you dance La Flor. You know the man, what a tiger he is, what power he has. You must do the dance, Pepita, just tonight."

She went over it all rapidly. Don Jaime Bórges was a minister in the Gómez Cabinet, and he owned the Coq d'Or. Ricardo was in his employ. She knew the man's reputation and she knew what it could mean to Ricardo and herself if they aroused his displeasure. Ricardo would lose his job at least, maybe even be thrown into jail on some trumped-up charge. Such things were done under the Gómez regime for no greater cause. She stood to lose her job, too, with no chance of getting another; and there would probably be other troubles, too—delays over passport and sailing permit, trouble over her entrance deposit, all manner of things. Besides, Martin never came into the place. He wouldn't know anything about it. Ricardo had always been very kind to her.

"*Muy bien*, Ricardo," she said. "I'll do the number tonight."

When the first strains of the music sounded, she heard the cries burst out, "*Olé! Eso! Eso es! Eso!*" and when she glided into the spotlight on the polished floor she knew right away. She felt the color rise into her face, a tingling in her ears. She was ashamed for the first time in her life. She was conscious of the distorted male faces, straining toward her from the gloom beyond the circle of light.

The floor shook under her from the stamping of feet and the pounding of canes. She increased the tempo, forcing the orchestra to a faster rhythm, wanting to get it over with quickly. He had never come in since that night. He mustn't come in tonight, he mustn't! Not till it was over. Over there was where he would come in. Her eyes were fixed there, over the sleek heads of the men and women at the tables. She danced rapidly against that door's opening, and when she whirled she whirled quickly, her eyes snapping back at once to the doorway.

Then, suddenly, he was there. Back in the gloom, standing straight and tall, his white jacket gleaming as though there were a spotlight on it too. She saw him move quickly behind the last row of tables, going to the bar. Then she saw him turn about on the stool, look straight at her and laugh over his raised glass. He left almost at once, not looking at her again.

He wouldn't talk to her at all after that. When she tried to talk to him through the closed door of his room at the *pensión* he just laughed, calling her the Passion Flower. In the afternoons when she practiced in the patio she saw Rafael carry drinks and trays of food to his room, and every night her eyes were fixed on the doorway when she danced. But he never came and there was no one outside to meet her.

THE day the old dictator died, Martin was sitting in the North Pole Bar, facing the plaza. He got the first news when a lot of people came tearing up the hill from the office of the Diario, shouting, "He is dead! The old catfish is dead! *Abajo la tirania! Viva la libertad!*"

They came out of the shops and offices, the streetcars stopped dead in their tracks and they poured from them too, and soon the plaza was filled, the people milling and shouting around the statue of Bolivar.

Martin hung around all afternoon, watching them. It wasn't very real. It was all sort of blurred, like a film out of focus, but it was amusing. He got a kick out of it.

It was getting dark when the violence began. The gangs of peons came hounding up from the *barrios* and some one spied a car that belonged to some official and instantly the car was turned over and burning. There was no holding them after that. The policemen stood about for awhile, bewildered and helpless, and then they sneaked away. The gangs roamed the side streets, searching out the houses of the Gómez officials, and Martin drifted along. They were out for everything that looked like Gómez or smelled like Gómez. "Down with the Gómez government!" they yelled. "Death to all who served it!"

Martin stood in a little park and watched them wreck a theater that belonged to a son-in-law of the old man. They smashed all the electric bulbs, pulled down the marquee, demolished the little ticket booth, and paraded around with their dark faces pushed through the lithographs of movie stars they tore from the lobby.

He had lost all sense of time, but it was probably about ten o'clock when he first heard something about the Coq d'Or. Some one shouted the name and then the whole crowd took it up. It all came clear suddenly. It came into focus all at once, and he was sober. He remembered that Bórges owned the Coq d'Or. He was one of the worst of the Gómez crowd.

HE tried to beat his way out and get there first, but he couldn't make it. He had to go with the mob that flowed through the streets like a sluggish river. When he could see the place at last, the electric sign was already smashed and the mob was surging against the door. His mind wasn't working but his elbows and knees were, automatically, like a machine, with no feeling in them, and he got up there somehow, and when the door fell he was one of the first to rush in. The crowd spread in behind him, destroying everything as an army of ants destroys a field of corn.

She was in a small room behind the orchestra stand, in costume for her first number. They were all in there—Ricardo, the waiters, and musicians and performers—standing up and silent, crowded together like a flock of frightened sheep. Without a word, she ran to him, and he stood for a moment, holding her close.

Getting through the crowd inside the building was not difficult, for the peons were intent on their looting. She kept close under his big back, holding on to his coat, and they went out that way. But there was trouble waiting for them at the entrance. The people there were packed solid, struggling to get in. At the sight of Sara in make-up and costume, they stared for a moment and then a clamor broke out.

"La Mariposa!" some one shouted. "She is the dancer of Bórges! She is one of his women!"

The crowd surged forward, shouting insults, and Martin held them off from Sara, swinging his fists. He tried to make himself heard above the noise. "Listen!" he cried out. "We are North Americans! We have nothing to do with these things! This girl is not the woman of Bórges. She is my woman. She is only a dancer here!" It was like shouting into the teeth of a hurricane.

An old woman with an ugly pock-marked face got behind him and snatched at Sara's clothing.

"Dance for us!" she screamed. "Show us how you danced for the Gómezistas!"

The idea took hold. Instantly the crowd took up the cry, and they made a circle, tearing at Sara's clothing, calling for her to dance. Martin saw a red smear growing on Sara's bare shoulder, but her face was calm, looking at him. His own cheek was bloody, his hat was gone and his hands were bruised and aching. He kept them away as well as he could, and his eyes searched the sea of distorted faces, his mind racing. Suddenly, at the edge of the crowd, he spied Pepe and Casimiro, trying to catch his attention.

He raised his hands, motioning for silence; and when his voice could be heard at last, he said, "Very well, *compadres*. La Mariposa will dance for you. But we must have music. Let those two musicians come forward and she will dance for you."

The crowd, laughing, opened a path and Pepe and Casimiro made their way into the circle, their guitars hanging from their shoulders. Martin whispered to them and spoke quickly to Sara.

"We must have more room!" he called out, and the crowd eased back, widening the circle. "A *joropo*," he said to the musicians.

AT the first chord Sara took the attitude of the national dance, held it for a moment, and then she began. Her ragged clothing swirled, her face was lighted in a smile, and the people began to sing the words. Martin stood close behind the musicians, searching the crowd for the weakest spot. "Over there, to the right by that little chap," he whispered.

They played a verse and a chorus and went into a second chorus, increasing the tempo as the crowd became absorbed.

"Now!" Martin said.

Pepe and Casimiro dropped their guitars under their arms, lowered their heads and charged. Pepe went first, then Casimiro and Martin together, pushing hard, and Sara came on behind. There was a shock as the first man went down against Pepe's head. The crowd gave way, taken off guard, opening up before the flying wedge. Out of the corner of his eye Martin could see the surprised faces, the mouths still open, the voices stopped suddenly in the middle of song.

You'll like yeast this new way

NEVER SAW YOU WITH SO MUCH GINGER!
BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?
NO... DRINKING IT!
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE IS DELICIOUS, I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT!

FRANK: Clever little trick! I used to eat yeast every day, and I remember the good it did me, too. Never felt better in my life. But I didn't like the taste.

SUSAN: Well, here's a way to like it! Really, it tastes like oven-fresh bread . . . in tomato juice. Makes a delicious vitamin cocktail this new way . . . Quick and easy to mix, too. Twice a day for me now. I'm going to get *all* the benefits of yeast by staying with it.

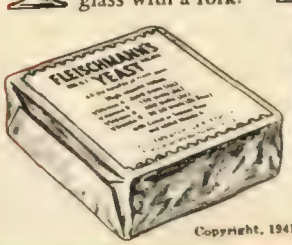
FRANK: And there are plenty of benefits to get, believe me! I check the authorities 100% when they say "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."

SUSAN: Now you're talking! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Keep it up, and see if the silver lining doesn't begin to show!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

Copyright, 1941, Standard Brands Incorporated

Telephone Tales

BY LONG DISTANCE

says Bill McGann a credit man:

"I find that certain types of debtors
Ignore my best collection letters,
And seem to more or less resist
The point that their accounts exist—
In which event, my sage advice is
That nothing quite so well suffices
As does the tactful friendly tone
Of a request by telephone.
As others will no doubt attest,
This personal approach is best
For bringing in remiss accounts
Of either small or large amounts.

"And naturally this same resource
Has always been my first recourse
For checking people's credit rating
Without unnecessary waiting.

"In credit work," friend Bill exults,
"Long Distance surely gets results!"

He never knew exactly how he did it. He remembered struggling to keep his feet, and throwing his fist at a dark face that spurted blood as though it had been wiped with a paintbrush. Then Pepe and Casimiro and he gave a final concerted drive that carried them to the clear.

Martin and Sara ran all the way to the *pensión*, breathless and laughing.

FROM their favorite spot on the hill of El Calvario above the city, they listened to the sounds of the mob coming up faintly, and all around the mountains loomed, blacker than the purple sky.

"Will there be a revolution now?"

"I don't think so. They made López Contreras provisional president and he's a good man. He'll talk them out of this and give them a good government."

"You'll stay on then, I suppose?"

"I guess so; but I haven't a job any more. I turned down that offer."

"No, you didn't."

"Oh. Games again."

"No. I went to the Majestic for your mail every day when you were—"

"Indisposed."

"Indisposed. One day there was a cable and I opened it, thinking it might be something important—about your family, perhaps. It was from the company. They hadn't taken your word as final and wanted you to reconsider and answer right away. Well, I answered for you and accepted."

When she thought about it afterward, Sara always remembered how his face looked, how the expressions moved across it, changing from one thing to another. She got it all, for she was watching so anxiously. At first there was bewilderment, then unbelief, and then anger, and then all at once all the sun wrinkles puckered up about his eyes and he was laughing.

He was quiet for a long while and she held her breath, straining hard to read his thoughts. Just when she began to give up hope, he said, "I guess I'll have a go at it. I don't know how I'll stand up, though. It's a lonesome place, away out in the bush. You see, I had her to hold on to all these years, and that's gone now."

She kept her eyes away from him and spoke slowly, trying to make it sound casual:

"Do you think it would help if I went with you?"

She could feel the thumping clear up into her ears, going on and on for hours it seemed, before the answer came. He spoke slowly too, saying the words as though he were looking at something for the first time in his life, some marvelous thing.

"Everything you worked for ever since you were a kid—ten years old. You mean you'd give that up?"

"I told you I'd do that for a man—if I loved him."

THE END

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Food Quiz

BY G. SELMER FOUGNER

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct	Excellent
30 correct	Good
25 correct	Fair
20 correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—What French expression appears on almost every American menu and has yet to be printed on a menu in France?

2—When beer is served with food, may it be followed with something stronger to drink later on in the evening?

3—Is it safe to drink beer after wine, or vice versa?

4—Which is the only good drink invented during the prohibition years and which still remains in demand?

5—Is lobster à la King any different in its preparation from chicken à la King?

6—What difference is there between a bar fish and a bar fly?

7—What is French about a French lamb chop?

8—What famous American pie is not a pie at all?

9—What are the most popular foods ordered in American restaurants and hotels?

10—What very expensive American dish was once so plentiful that slaves refused to eat it more than once a week?

11—Which oyster are you supposed to drink and not to eat?

12—Does real caviar ever come in any other color than black or dark gray?

13—From which side of the guests should the table service be made at formal dinners?

14—Are there any food dishes with which wine disagrees?

15—Which foods taste better with beer than with wine?

16—Is there any difference between shaking and stirring a cocktail?

17—Two cheeses with foreign names—one made in France and the other in the United States—bear names which may never be used on any other food product made elsewhere. Which are they?

18—What is the habitat of the Scotch woodcock?

19—What bartender's mistake ruins one million fine drinks a year in the United States?

20—What part of the codfish is considered by gourmets to be one of the world's greatest table delicacies?

21—The host sits at the head of the table when guests are being entertained, but where is the head of the table?

22—Is the use of a knife essential in eating such foods as fish, sweetbreads, or salads or vegetables?

23—What great American hotel has given its name to a breakfast bread known all over the world?

24—Is the Daiquiri cocktail practically the same as a Bacardi cocktail?

25—Were whisky blends invented since repeal?

26—What popular drink owes its name to a lobbyist supposed to have treated congressmen to gallons of it in a Washington bar?

27—Is rye whisky made entirely from rye grain, and bourbon entirely from corn?

28—Is a cocktail more apt to interfere with your appetite than a glass of sherry?

29—In the drink known as a pousse-café, how do bartenders manage to prevent the different cordials from running into each other and thus ruining the color effect?

30—Is the smell of a Camembert cheese a criterion of quality?

31—What is the usual content of the glasses used for (*a*) highball, (*b*) wine, (*c*) cocktail, (*d*) liqueur?

32—What is the main bone of contention in the great mint-julep controversy?

33—What is the content of the jigger used in drink mixing?

34—Is it possible to leave liquors—such as Scotch, bourbon, or rye—for long periods of time in glass decanters?

35—Does color indicate the quality or age of Scotch whisky?

36—What is the best way to drink Scotch whisky and soda? With much ice, a little ice, or no ice at all?

37—Is Chartreuse a food or a drink?

38—Do dust and grime on a bottle of brandy add anything to the value of the brandy, or, in other words, does brandy improve in the bottle?

39—How does "ham and eggs, country style," differ from plain ham and eggs?

40—When salad is served with meat or fish for dinner, should it be eaten with the same fork?

(*Answers will be found on page 44*)

The Better part of Valor

Liberty's True Short Short
by Michael Hall

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 27 SECONDS

IN Detroit, during the year 1887, Jack Collins, the noted Detroit lightweight of that period, got a job as an actor, and played with a theatrical company that spring.

As a natural result, he was left stranded in one of the northern counties of Michigan. He had only cash enough to buy a five-cent cigar, and he sat on a hotel veranda smoking it, thinking how far off Detroit was, when a man drove up in a buggy, jumped out, and said:

"Young man, it is needless to inform you that I am from the headwaters of Fighting Creek, and that *I'm going to give you the worst* mauling any human being ever received! I'll give you just two minutes to pray."

Collins was just in the right mood for a set-to, and he instantly sailed in for all he was worth. In three minutes his opponent called, "Stop! I've had enough."

When he got up he asked Collins:

"Did it tire you any?"

"Not a bit, sir," replied Collins.

"Could you do it every day in the week?"

"Yes, or any hour in the day."

"Yes, *I guess you could. Do you* want to leave town?"

"I do," replied Collins.

"Where for?"

"Detroit."

"All right. I'll go in and pay your bill and then I'll buy you a ticket. I'm an awful fighter, I am, but when I can't lick a man, I hire him to leave town, and that keeps me boss. Here's five dollars extra if you leave this afternoon."

And, it was on this chap's money that Collins got back home without pawning his watch.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for *each Short Short, an additional* $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WHEN THE STARS STEP OUT, PEPSI-COLA IS A FAVORITE

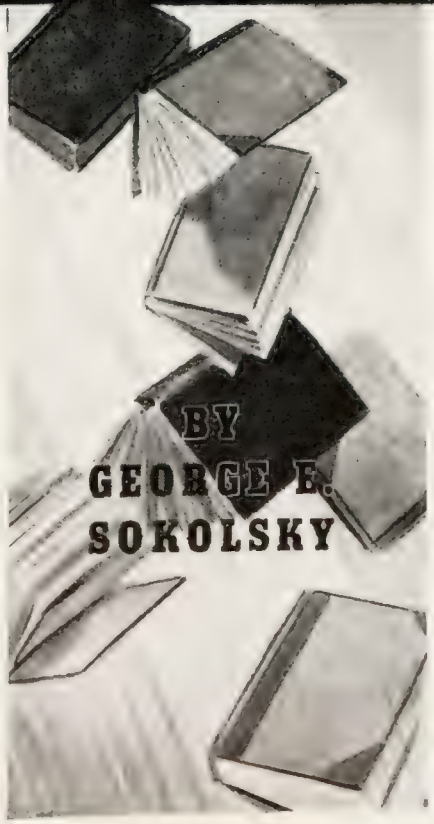
Jean Rogers and Bob Crosby, appearing in RKO Radio's "Let's Make Music."

Pepsi-Cola heads the order with those who order the best. Flavorful and fresh, Pepsi-Cola is welcomed by millions all over America. Feel your thirst disappear as that finer flavor hits the spot! Big help to any party—the big home carton of Pepsi-Cola—pick one up today.

Here is heartening news for democracy and your children

PARENTS AND Teachers FIGHT FOR American SCHOOLBOOKS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

LIBERTY attacked the problem of subversive propaganda in the schools of America in a series of articles, begun a year ago, which called attention to the indoctrination of our children through schoolbooks and left-wing teachers. Liberty gave widespread notice of an evil of which most parents were unaware. In that series I advised parents to read the textbooks that their children read, particularly in the social sciences; to discuss objectionable textbooks with the principals of the schools, and to do something about it. Our contention in Liberty was and is that the parent ought not to transfer his trusteeship of his own child's welfare to any one. That is a parent's obligation and responsibility.

In a brilliant article in School and Society, Professor Thomas H. Briggs of Teachers College, Columbia University, emphasizes exactly the point which we stressed in our series of articles. He says:

"The enemies to democracy that we have chiefly to fear, I say, are not the enemy without but the enemy within. It is not of the shell and poison of fascist states that we should be afraid, but of the infiltration of the poison of their political and social and economic ideas. We have to recognize that a small, but by no means negligible, fraction of our people have already been infected, and no infection of the social body can safely be ignored any more than an infection of the physical body. This infection is found chiefly among those who feel that democracy has not given them a fair share of life and among idealistic intellectuals who see suffering and injustice that democracy has not prevented or remedied. Usually the infected body is militant, better organized and more ready to fight for its cause than we who profess democracy are ready to defend it and to work for the removal of its defects."

It is to meet organized subversion, it is to fight the corruption of the minds and attitudes of American children, that American parents have

become increasingly vigilant. In a large number of cities, opposition to specifically named textbooks became so impressive that in spite of the left-wing tendencies of many professional educators, the objectionable textbooks were thrown out. Publishers of schoolbooks felt the impact of this movement so keenly that they got out new texts which met parents' objections. The split among left-wing educators after the signing of the Stalin-Hitler alliance resulted in disclosures of Communistic control of teachers' organizations and opened the eyes of an increasingly large number of citizens to the menace to the schools, supported by taxpayers' money, in professional control of the schools.

Theoretically, in most parts of the United States, the schools are under citizen control through nonprofessional Boards of Education and school boards. But the ordinary citizen shrivels up before the experts, the holders of Ph. D.'s and M. A.'s and Phi Beta Kappa keys—which are no proofs at all of patriotism, loyalty, responsibility, or even decency. All kinds of people win these academic honors, good and bad, Communists as well as Republicans and Democrats. Yet there seems to be an attitude among the people that because a man or woman holds such honors, it is proof that that person's judgment is bound to be safe and sound in relationship with the nurturing of character and loyalty. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Citizen control alone can protect our schools from the ideological quirks of so-called experts who often live apart from the main currents of American life.

THE principal attack has been upon the textbooks prepared by Harold Rugg and published by Ginn & Co. Assisted by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Professor Rugg wrote a series under the inclusive title of Man and His Changing Society. He also prepared workbooks and Teachers' Guides, in one of which he instructed the teachers to—

"Treat the War for Independence essentially as an economic struggle between ruling classes of England and the colonies."

Is that what you want your child to think of Washington and Lafayette and Valley Forge and Yorktown?

It is estimated that more than 2,000,000 copies of his books are in circulation in about 4,000 schools. According to my list, some twenty cities have already removed these books from their schools, in some cities after a terrific struggle between parent-citizens and educators. One of the most dramatic fights on the Rugg books was conducted by a newspaper, the Cedar Rapids Gazette, whose editor, Verne Marshall, finally succeeded in having these books eliminated from the schools.

At first this movement was ridiculed by the experts and by so-called liberals. To them it was just "witch hunting," and "Red-baiting." The usual tactics of the leftists were employed to smear some of the individuals who had organized committees to fight these books. But when city after city began to throw the books out of the schools by citizen insistence, left-wing educators came to the defense of the series. The most notable of these is the so-called American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, which is headed by Professor Boas of Columbia University, who now enjoys the distinction of being the "front" for the largest number of left-wing organizations. In the split which followed the Stalin-Hitler alliance, this group followed the Communazis. Their recommendation of the Rugg books certainly did not help Professor Rugg.

AS a matter of fact, such an organization as the Guardians of American Education, which is headed by Augustin G. Rudd and is one of a number of citizen groups devoted to this problem, avoids the broader issues of world politics and world economics. They stick to their knitting, which is the protection of *their own* children from what *they* regard as subversive teaching.

Of course the educators have an argument along these lines: They say that somebody has to decide what textbooks the children should use, that it would result in anarchy in the school systems if each parent could force upon the schools the textbooks he favored. There is a measure of justice in their contention; but the inalienable right of the parent to protect his child cannot be waived. When a parent's opinion makes itself felt in opposition to a textbook on the simple grounds that certain doctrines are abhorrent to parents, that should be sufficient ground for the elimination of this book.

At a time like this, when foreign countries are utilizing every means at their disposal to influence and even to corrupt American public opinion, only the most constant vigilance can protect us from their activities. Communist, Nazi, Fascist doctrines can be so dished up as to appear palatable and even true. Certainly no child at school possesses the experience or even intelligence to discern the fine distinctions between a truth and a half-truth, nor can a child be blamed for reaching a false conclusion from even a factual statement, such as that Washington was in the real-estate business, if the teacher or the textbook seeks to draw a false conclusion from a true fact. We dare not assume that these forces of foreign propaganda will fail because we, the adults, know them to be false. The child does not know them to be false. The child has no defensive experience with life adequate to guard against the vicious but plausible doctrines which come from abroad but which are advocated by seemingly authoritative Americans. It is then up to the parent, who wants the American child to be a loyal and patriotic American adult, to guard against the corruption of American spirit and character in the interest of European countries or doctrines.

This battle for patriotic textbooks, which Liberty helped to begin, is now being waged on another front. By resolution of the Legislature of the State of New York, a committee presided over by Senator Frederic Coudert, Jr., and the counsel for which is Paul Windels, is engaged in a thorough study of the problem, not only of subversive and corruptive textbooks but also of subversive and corruptive educators. The president of the Teachers Union, Charles J. Hendley, was cited for contempt by the Supreme Court of the State of New York for refusing to produce the membership list of that union, and he has taken an appeal to the Court of Appeals. Mr. Windels pointed out at the contempt hearing that while the union had refused to produce its membership list for the subcommittee, it had on five previous occasions made it available for mailing purposes to other organizations, including the Anglo-American Institute of the First Moscow University. Senator Coudert set forth in an affidavit that this Institute was sponsored by the Peoples' Commissariat of Education, the Soviet All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, and Intourist, the state travel agency of Soviet Russia. Need an American know more than that to know exactly what that union is?

SENATOR COUDERT'S affidavit said, in part: "An organization composed almost entirely of public servants is not privileged to withhold information from the . . . Legislature in any case, and that . . . . is especially true where the information . . . has been voluntarily imparted . . . to outside agencies, including a propaganda organization . . . of a foreign power hostile to the American form of government."

This same Teachers Union, during the recent elections, conducted a campaign against Senator Coudert in the hope that if he were defeated the investigation would be dropped. It is hoped that this investigation will lay bare the spider's web of European indoctrination of American children in American schools.

When Liberty assigned to me the task of reading these textbooks and writing a report on them, it was neither with the object of Red-baiting nor of pillorying any individual. The single task was to see what our children are being taught and by whom. The results found proved beyond doubt that our children were in peril of contamination by the poisons which float across the Atlantic from Europe. The fact that these poisons are not always visible, and often have even a fair odor, did not make them less poisonous. Now that we have made the exposure—citizens are responding in defense of American ideals.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

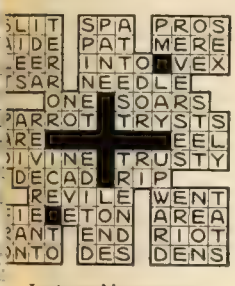
by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

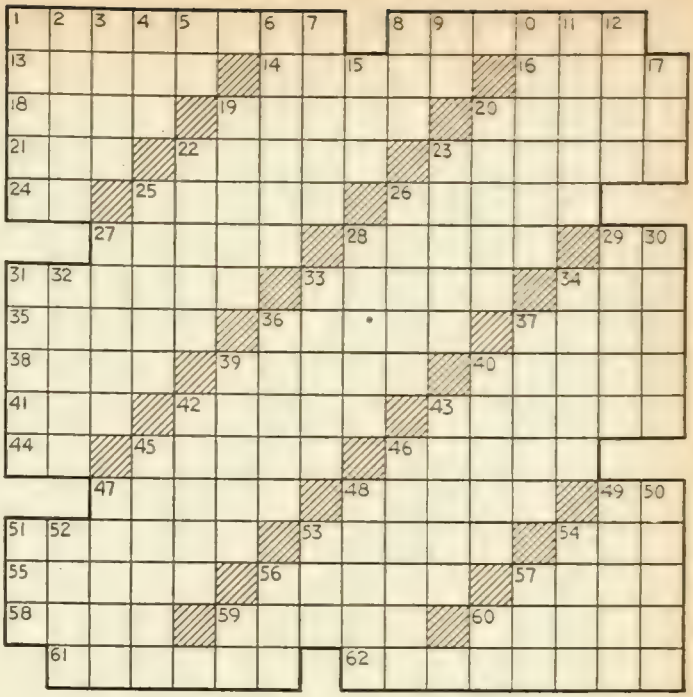
1 To keep within bounds
8 A by-product of fluorescein
13 Greek market place
14 Egg-shaped
16 Boys' school in England
18 Coin
19 To humble
20 Stout
21 Hail!
22 Part of a storage battery (pl.)
23 Prided
24 Pronoun
25 Salt water
26 Makes less hot
27 Tantalize
28 Amphitheater
29 Exist
31 Mexican shawl
33 Greek letter
34 Salt
35 Prattle
36 Lock of hair
37 Desert
38 Girl
39 Large
40 Grew whiter
41 Tree
42 Burning piece of wood
43 Producing motion
44 Element (abbr.)
45 Checkered cloth
46 Married again
47 Weak
48 Bundle (pl.)
49 Compass point
51 Excessive strain of muscles
53 Kindness
54 Title of respect
55 Unadorned
56 One of the dead languages
57 Roman emperor
58 Large edible tuber
59 Conveyance
60 Cemented
61 Stocked to overflowing
62 Fibrous (min.)

VERTICAL

1 Title
2 Pointed arch
3 Circular top
4 Before
5 Egyptian god
6 Dress goods
7 Dodge the issue
8 American Indian
9 Prefix: back
10 Misty patch of light in the heavens
11 Newspaper paragraph (pl.)
12 Part of the face
15 Beast of burden
17 Man's nickname
19 Get up
20 Hawaiian shrub
22 Fruit
23 Rhymsters
25 Strikes repeatedly
26 Summit of a hill
27 Anything worthless
28 Before
29 Place of confusion
30 Slur over
31 Part of a chair
32 Expunge
33 Current
34 Compact
36 Pursue
37 Barriers
39 Minute hard mass
40 Strength
42 Blister
43 Fruit
45 Commendation
46 Gully
47 A stretcher
48 Wand
49 Foghorn
50 Eat away
51 Examine secretly
52 Plot
53 Tire out
54 Prefix: half
56 Boy
57 Nothing
59 Pronoun
60 Note of the scale



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Darling: Please wait for me — Your loving Draftee

Look at this photo of Bill. That wild hair! Same old story, he uses water to comb it and water washes away natural oils. Pity he didn't use Kreml before having a picture taken intended to keep me interested.

Every time I look at Craig's picture, I wonder whether the boys in camp will kid him out of that greasy goo that plasters down his hair like a gigolo's. Maybe he'll get wise to Kreml, but I'm afraid I can't wait.

Poor Bob. He was always sensitive about going bald so young. Maybe because he looks so much older than he is, he'll be a major sooner. But not my major. Too bad—it's too late for Kreml or anything else.

Nature blessed Jerry with a fine head of hair and Kreml keeps it looking its natural best. No question mark could lurk in the heart of a girl with a photo like this for company. I'll answer Jerry's letter tonight.

DON'T soak your hair with water to comb it. Don't plaster it down with greasy, sticky goos. Use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing that keeps hair looking its natural best.

Kreml also removes ugly dandruff scales, stops excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp.

Women tell us Kreml puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Radio's craziest counselor charts a dizzy course to the fiscal heights—Follow it at your own risk!

BY GRACIE ALLEN

STATISTICS show that only about two people in a hundred ever get rich. On the other hand, four out of five get pyorrhea, seven out of ten have fallen arches, and six out of nine have surplus fat. So there must be some reason why money isn't as popular as fallen arches and surplus fat, and it isn't merely because there's no income tax on flat feet—or is there?

I always say there's a fortune for the man or woman who knows how to get rich quick, and in case there's anybody who doesn't know how, I'll be glad to tell them.

Of course, the sensible way is to get rich slowly as you go along. For instance, if a man starts laying away ten dollars a day from the time he's born, just look what he's got when he's forty. Well, what has he got? Ten dollars times 365 days in a year is $3,650, times forty years is $146,000—and if the man happens to be twins he's doubled his money. And if he lives to be eighty or ninety years old he'll be independently wealthy after he's gone. But then again, the average person doesn't live long enough to enjoy his wealth after he's dead, and even if he can die sooner it doesn't always seem worth it—so the question is, how can you get rich quick?

Maybe some of the following ways will show you how you've let your big chance slip through your fingers, but don't worry about it. There's no use crying over opportunity even if spilled milk does only knock once.

Of course, the easiest way to get rich quick is to buy a little up-to-date equipment and print your own money. I'd like to explain this in detail, but I promised my daddy I wouldn't give away his secret. He's worked out a marvelous method of making counterfeit money and he doesn't want it to leak out until he gets it patented. But I will give you one little hint. In making your own money, always print it in old bills and mix up the serial numbers. In that way the bills can't be traced so easily in case you have to use them to pay ransom after the G-men have kidnaped you.

The next best way to get rich quick is the way my brother Fergus was doing it. Fergus is the one who nearly put the safety-razor people out of business with his new discovery. He discovered that if you pencil whiskers on your face with an eyebrow pencil, you can shave yourself with an ordinary eraser—but that isn't how he made his money.

Fergus got a job as a teller in a savings bank, then when customers came in to deposit cash he would enter the amount in their bankbooks and slip the cash into a suitcase he kept near his feet. In this way the customer got full credit for his money, my brother got the money, and everybody was ahead but the bank. Fergus was on his way to a fortune except for one little thing. On busy days he'd have to make six or seven trips home to unload the suitcase, and the bank president, suspecting he was slipping out to buy ice-cream sodas, got mad and fired him.

Another great way to make money quickly is on the stock market, if you know how. If you don't know how, you can use my Uncle Crandall's system. Uncle Crandall's ideas are twenty years ahead of everybody—even Uncle Crandall. For example, how about the way he made his hair look wavy by putting Mexican jumping beans under his toupee?

He thought of thousands of things even smarter than that, but his operations on the stock market were really very simple. He started quietly by investing two dollars in General Motors stock. That's a thing that even you can do if you've got the two dollars, and if you haven't you can borrow it like uncle did.

And now comes the technical part. Naturally, the more automobiles General Motors sells, the more their stock is worth—even a baby knows that and my uncle knew it, too. So Uncle Crandall started to manipulate the market by stirring up a heavy demand for General Motors cars. That might sound darn hard for you, but not if you follow my uncle's plan. Day after day he went around stealing Buicks, Chevrolets, and Cadillacs, and hiding them in his room. Of course, every time he'd steal a car, the owner had to buy a new one, and he made business so good that in less than three years his two dollars had become three dollars and twelve cents. And that's not all. By selling the 4,200 cars he'd stolen, he kept himself in neckties and gin money so the dollar and twelve cents was actually clear profit. Uncle Crandall will tell you the same thing, so if you're ever near Alcatraz, drop in and see him—you'll like him because, with all his money, he's as democratic as anybody in the jute mill.

Many people think the smart way to make money is to invent something like chewing gum, and it's not a bad idea. Chewing gum is not only on the tip of everybody's tongue, but it's also always getting stuck on your shoes and every now and then you even sit on it—so no wonder it's on your mind.

I'll admit everybody can't invent chewing gum, but there are plenty of other things left to invent if you think about it. Without even thinking, my brother Boglestrip has sent more than 2,000 new inventions to the United States Patent Office. Which is a good box score, since Thomas Edison (alias Spencer Tracy) only took out 1,078

patents in his entire life. Lots of people try to get rich quick with crazy inventions. I read about an electric light that shines up a whole room. And I read about a telephone where you can hear some one speaking to you. Well, go ahead, laugh at them. A guy named Harvey Kennedy made $2,500,000 by inventing the shoelace!

So maybe brother Boglestrip has the right idea. Of course, so far he hasn't been granted any patents, but only last week they sent him a bag of potatoes that had started to sprout, so Boglestrip is very encouraged. I think that Boglestrip's greatest inventions are his combination toupee and hot-water bag, which keeps your brain defrosted in case you get your head caught in the frigidaire, and his combination drier and curling iron for pigs, which makes their bacon crisp and crinkly. Another of his ideas is to attach a red light to your big toe—then if your feet get uncovered on a cold night, the red light keeps flashing in your eyes and wakes you up before your feet get pneumonia. I could think of hundreds of others, but the point is that if my brother can do it, well, so can you.

As a matter of fact, nobody thought Boglestrip would ever amount to anything because he had too artistic a temperament—he used to paint flagpoles on the tops of buildings, and was always getting hurt when he'd step back to admire his work.

There are plenty of opportunities for women to make big money, too, if they set their minds on it. Take my sister Bessie. Very few people—men or women—could learn to play a piccolo by mail when they didn't have a piccolo, but Bessie did it. She just blew each lesson into an envelope and mailed it to a friend who had a piccolo—and before long she'll be one of the world's highest salaried piccolo players, if she can get a job.

And look at my sister Hazel. When she read that a millionaire had paid a Follies girl $25,000 for some love letters, it gave her an idea. She sat down and began writing love letters to a prosperous cab driver, and it worked! After the tenth letter, the cab driver brought the letters back to Hazel and paid her six dollars to keep them.

Even the youngsters can get rich quick if they're as smart as my little nephew Beswick. Beswick has been going from door to door selling black-and-white rabbits, and since the first of the year he's made enough money to see The Thief of Bagdad twenty-three times. Of course he's pretty bored with the picture, but the reason he has to see it so often is because he's so nearsighted he can only watch one character at a time. You may wonder why people will buy black-and-white rabbits, but it's only natural. Since the first of the year they've grown tired of always dreaming of Jeanie with the light brown hare, so they're glad to have a black-and-white one to dream about.

I could go on for days telling you ways to get rich quick, but, on the other hand, maybe you shouldn't try to get rich too quickly. It was certainly a big mistake for my cousin Rodney, and the same thing might happen to you.

Everybody had been telling Rodney that if a man builds a better mousetrap, the world will beat up the path to his door, so he decided to build a better mousetrap. He had some very good ideas, too, as some of Rodney's best friends are mice—so he built his mousetrap into a portable cocktail bar and it had a concealed radio. This was very clever, as it was the only mousetrap in the world using radio programs for bait instead of cheese.

Anyway, when he got the trap finished, Rodney wanted to see if it would work, so he started to tune in the radio. Instantly it trapped him by the arm and began slapping him against the wall as if he were a fly swatter. Now, if you've ever been slapped against the wall by a mousetrap, you know how monotonous a thing like that can get. It finally got tiresome for Rodney too, so he lost his temper and threw the mousetrap, bar and all, through the window—and he went with it.

Well, to make a long story short, Cousin Rodney and his mousetrap lit in one of those open-top taxicabs that happened to be passing by. There was no extra charge for the trap, and before Rodney could say Mickey Mouse, the cab had dropped him at the Grand Central Station. Here a redcap picked him up by his mousetrap, hustled him onto a train, and stuffed him under the seat of an old farmer bound for Waterloo, Iowa. When the farmer arrived home, he was very surprised to find that his shirts and toilet articles weren't packed in Rodney and the mousetrap, but he finally decided the whole thing must be the new milking machine he'd ordered.

Rodney and his mousetrap are now in the barn and plugged into a light socket, where they're very happy. But he's still poor, as it's very difficult to get rich when you have one arm trapped in a cocktail bar and on the other hand have to milk fifteen cows a day!

Sometimes, though, when I fall asleep reading my history book, the one with pictures, I wonder if any one ever profited by taking a short cut to get rich. There was Chris Columbus. He didn't have much luck. He discovered America and the Cleveland Indians—and got only fifty-eight dollars and a lot of seasickness for his troubles.

And there was Paul Revere. He made his famous midnight ride, then presented a bill of five dollars to the Colony of Massachusetts to cover the expenses, and the bill was rejected as " too high "—which proves what?

In fact, when I look at my history, I wonder if it's worth getting rich at all. You read about the Czar Nicholas. He had an income of a million dollars a month—twenty-four dollars a second—and what can he show for it today?

And still acquaintances of mine are trying to get rich quick every day. There's the friend who, to make money, went into bankruptcy—which is the process of putting your money in your coat pocket and letting your creditors take your pants.

And then there's the neighbor who was supposed to be clever because he drilled a hole in his front door for circular letters. He, too, decided to get rich quick the other day. He got on a streetcar and began collecting fares—and later, when the judge asked him why, he said he was the guest conductor!

But, anyway, I've been thinking—or something—and I think I'll not try to get rich too quick. I'll just go on sticking to radio. At least it's on a sound basis!

THE END

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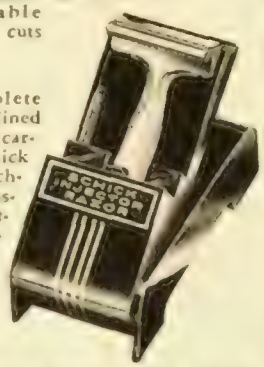

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

40 Answers by G. Selmer Fougner to His Questions on Page 37

1—Demitasse, meaning a small cup of after-dinner coffee. The term was coined in America and has never been used in France, where, literally translated, it would mean "a half cup."

2—Yes. Beer goes well with almost any more potent alcoholic beverage.

3—The answer is to be found in an old European saying: "Wine on beer—have no fear. Beer on wine—not for mine."

4—The sidecar. It is made with brandy and Cointreau.

5—All the "à la King" dishes represent food served in a white cream sauce to which pimientos and often mushrooms are added.

6—The bar fish is really a deep-sea denizen resembling the haddock. A bar fly is a member of a group of drinkers who, in more prosperous days, frequented a famous American bar in Paris.

7—The butcher's manner of preparing it. A French lamb chop is a plain rib chop from which the fat and part of the meat on the bone have been trimmed away.

8—Boston cream pie. It is a cake with a custard filling.

9—Steak, chicken, ham, bacon, and roast beef, in that order.

10—Terrapin.

11—The prairie oyster, a famous pick-me-up, made with a fresh egg, half a teaspoonful of vinegar, and pepper and salt.

12—No. Real caviar is supplied by the sturgeon, while the product known as red caviar comes from the salmon.

13—From the left. The dishes are removed from the right-hand side.

14—No. But there are some highly flavored or strongly seasoned ones which kill the taste of wine. They include herring, mackerel, anchovies, tamales, etc.

15—Pork in all of its forms, sauerkraut, sausages, etc.

16—Yes. No cocktail should be stirred which might be shaken; but no cocktail calling for ingredients which are likely to become cloudy should be shaken. Shaking is essential in the preparation of a Daiquiri, while a Manhattan should always be stirred.

17—Roquefort and Liederkranz. Both are protected by world-wide copyrights.

18—The oven or the toaster. It is not a bird but a name given to a slice of buttered toast garnished with chopped eggs and anchovies.

19—His failure to wash the olive which goes into a dry Martini, as the brine in which the olives are preserved changes the flavor of the gin.

20—The tongue. Codfish tongues, when well prepared, are considered an epicurean treat.

21—Generally nearest the window side or opposite the main entrance to the dining room.

22—No. Everything that can be cut without a knife should be cut with a fork.

23—The Parker House in Boston, where the first Parker House rolls were made.

24—Yes, practically, except that the Daiquiri is shaken with finely crushed ice. The sweet Bacardi is, of course, entirely different, being made with grenadine as an added ingredient.

25—No. Of all whisky sold before prohibition, 70 per cent was made up by blends.

26—The gin rickey, invented by Colonel Joe Rickey.

27—No. Rye must contain 51 per cent rye, and bourbon 51 per cent corn.

28—No. But too many cocktails will—and so will too many glasses of sherry.

29—By pouring them over the back of a spoon.

30—Not by any means. If the cheese smells too strongly, it is too old.

31—(*a*) Eight ounces, (*b*) four ounces, (*c*) three ounces, (*d*) one ounce.

32—Whether or not to bruise the mint. We are of the non-bruising school.

33—The standard jigger is 1½ ounces.

34—It is possible but not advisable. These liquors will lose by evaporation, as well as by contact with the air which a glass stopper cannot keep entirely out of the container.

35—Color proves nothing regarding the age or potency of the liquor. The wood of the cask imparts the golden color to the liquor as it matures, but it does not follow that a dark-colored whisky is more mature than a light-colored one. Often it is the reverse.

36—Too much ice greatly interferes with the aroma of good Scotch whisky. The best method of preparing the drink is to use well chilled water—either carbonated or still—and just enough ice to maintain that chill in the glass for a short while.

37—Both. It is the name of a great after-dinner liqueur, and also of a kitchen classic consisting of a mold of meat or game masked with vegetables.

38—It does not. The age of the bottle means absolutely nothing. If the brandy was "young" when bottled, it will be "young" when consumed, regardless of the amount of dust and impressive-looking cobwebs which the bottle has been allowed to accumulate.

39—"Country style" is generally taken to mean that the eggs are fried in the fat of the ham, the latter being placed in the pan first, and the eggs on top of the ham. Potatoes are frequently served with the dish, having been fried in the same fat.

40—When salad is served with meat or fish, the correct custom is to present it on a separate plate, and in that case a separate fork is essential.

"He's a good customer—keep that umbrella over him!"

New, intimate revelations of the men and intrigues behind a world war in the making

Nazis on parade at the Nürnberg Party Congress which Ambassador Dodd would not attend.

AMBASSADOR TO HITLER

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Late in April, 1937, Washington instructed Dodd to insist that Hirsch, the American Jew accused of having tried to murder Streicher, be dealt with in accordance with law and justice. At the German Foreign Office he was told that Hirsch must be executed anyhow—because an American who had been pardoned was now in the United States making speeches against Nazidom. Dodd wrote to Hitler, who replied that no leniency was possible. Even after that Dodd continued his efforts, but on June 4 Hirsch was beheaded.

In April Mussolini met Austria's Chancellor Schuschnigg in Venice. Then Göring saw Mussolini, who had formerly been so stiff about German designs upon Austria. Dodd surmised that Hitler was offering Mussolini domination of Spain in return for a free hand above the Brenner Pass. By June the French Ambassador feared that Italy was about to take Spain and Germany the Balkans.

On May 6 Lord Lothian came to Berlin. In conversation with Dodd he ridiculed Lloyd George for speeches against the Tory regime in England, praised Hitler as having saved Germany, and "seemed more of a Fascist" than any other Englishman the Ambassador had met. This was the selfsame Lord Lothian who was later—events having very greatly changed his views!—to serve his embattled country in Washington and to die there in harness.

PART EIGHT—
Stalin Scandalizes Goebbels

June 14, 1937. We had a luncheon party yesterday for Colonel Knox, candidate last year for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. We had Dr. von Kühlmann, a former German Foreign Secretary, and Captain Wiedemann, a personal adviser and companion to Hitler. The Ambassador from Argentina sat on my right, trying hard to speak English. Some leading newspaper correspondents were present too: Lochner; Ebbutt of the London Times; Shirer of the Hearst press; and Deuel of the Chicago Daily News, Knox's paper for the last six years.

Knox surprised me, he having been a sturdy Republican all his life, by talking in a friendly way about John L. Lewis, the powerful C. I. O. labor organizer who has caused so many sit-down strikes all over the United States. Knox said he had known Lewis a long time (he was a Republican labor chief until 1932) and had seen him just before he left the United States. He thinks Lewis will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1940, and having practically all labor organizations behind him, he will bolt the Democratic convention if not nominated and then run as a labor independent. This, Knox said, would give the Repub-

licans their chance to regain control of the country, but, he added, his party must be liberal if it wants to win. Knox talked as though he agreed with most of what Roosevelt has done or is trying to do. . . . He has spent a month in Europe, has had talks with Mussolini and others in Italy, but will not see Hitler or Göring while here.

Saturday Stalin executed eight Russian Red Army generals. They were supposed to be intriguing with Germany, even with Fascists in France, for the overthrow of the Soviet government. It has been charged that the Russian generals had promised to give Germany the Ukraine and break off the treaty with France and Czechoslovakia. What was really behind it all I can hardly judge, but Wiedemann, who sat next to me at the table yesterday, said that he had to get all possible information he could Saturday and Sunday and telephone it to Hitler, then at Berchtesgaden near the Austrian border. That made one wonder if some of Hitler's chiefs had not been doing something in Russia.

However, the German papers treat the matter as one of the barbaric crimes of modern history, never intimating that Hitler and Göring killed hundreds of their German opponents in June and early July, 1934. High officers of the German army held a meeting in Berlin and compelled Hitler to confess some of his crimes. Nor was there any published evidence of the guilt of any of Hitler's opponents. Curious now to find that Goebbels, who had a big share in the German murders of 1934, is in control of all the German papers denouncing Russia's executions.

The Wool Over Eyes in England

June 17. Hitler has made a speech to young Italians just at the time when the papers are boasting of the peace talk with England which von Neurath is going to London to negotiate. Hitler talked of his readiness for war. People in the United States seem determined to stay neutral even facing a Europe under the control of a single dictatorship.

The preoccupation of European Powers with the events in Spain the last two weeks, and with happenings in Russia, seems to have given Hitler, Göring, and their fellows the first opportunity they have had since they came to power to annex part if not all of Czechoslovakia. Austria they would like to have too, but they can't be sure what Mussolini would do. The German dictators crave annexation without war, as they are bankrupt and foodstuffs are very scarce. . . .

Last Monday, when peace talks with England began, five Protestant preachers were arrested—Jacobi of the Kaiser Wilhelm I Memorial Church, who has talked over his religious freedom problems with me, being the most prominent. At the same time arrests in Munich and searches of the Catholic Bishop of Cologne were made. The London Times correspondent says his paper refuses to print more than half his stories now, but the Manchester Guardian publishes accounts which seem to reach it through secret channels via the Foreign Office in London.

The Czechs Relied on Russia?

June 20. My wife and I had dinner yesterday evening with the Latvian Minister. Nearly all the guests were of independent minds in conversation, which is unusual for Berlin. The Minister made it plain to me in the very beginning that he is opposed to the Nazi dictatorship, also that he is uneasy about the outcome of the London conference between Germany, England, France, and Italy. The French Ambassador, François-Poncet, sat opposite me at the table and was free to speak even before guests about the dangers ahead, but he never acknowledges the blunder his country made in January, 1935, in promising Ethiopia to Italy and forcing the League of Nations into its last great defeat.

The Latvian military attaché, who sat on my right, spoke freely of the dangerous probable consequences of Russia's weakening position. The Czech Minister was more concerned about the threats to his little country. He acknowledged the drift of things revealed in the Manchester Guardian, wondering whether Benes could make friendly approaches to Hitler after the daily press attacks in Germany against his government. He reported that he had made a formal protest to the German Foreign Office about falsehoods as to his government's encouraging maltreatments of Germans in Czechoslovakia. His wife said to my wife: "If Germany attacks our country, Russia will come at once to our defense." I doubt this, unless France attacks Germany in the Rhine zone.

"France Is So Pacifist"

June 20. Sitting with the Latvian Minister and the French Ambassador after dinner, I raised the Spanish problem. The Frenchman was hopeless and said Blum would be overthrown in two days. I doubt this, but I know the situation is dangerous in Paris. François-Poncet then said England is going to yield to the German demands in the Near East. "Will that mean war?" I asked. He said, "No, perhaps not at once, because France is so pacifist." He said, however, that he had rented his summer house here, near Potsdam, on the condition that he may give it up in a month. He is really afraid war will break out about the end of July.

I do not believe this, because Germany's foodstuffs are limited and Hitler intends to take Austria or Czechoslovakia without war. Russia is the only really uncertain Power. The French Ambassador also said to me that he knew the Germans had been dealing with Russian generals to overthrow the Stalin government, perhaps to procure for Hitler the coveted Ukraine.

Given Inches, Hitler Wants Ells

June 23. Thus far we have had an anxious week. On Monday the papers described the fall of the Blum government in Paris. With Russia in its supposed weakened position and the Popular Front in France (30 per cent Communist) fallen, Hitler apparently thought the time was approaching for him to dictate to Europe. So he told von Neurath he was not to go to London. The English had apparently made liberal promises to Germany; but Hitler, it seems, demanded more, either in Spain or in the Czechoslovak-Austrian region, perhaps in both. England had indicated it could not go farther, and Hitler stood on his sensational demands and so refused to allow von Neurath to attend the London conference.

Tuesday the Propaganda Minister Goebbels made a violent speech against Russia, Czechoslovakia, France, and England, and the papers loudly denounced Foreign Minister Eden for having said he could not make further concessions. We had reports from the Foreign Office, as also from the British Embassy, that Henderson, the British Ambassador, had practically delivered a lecture to von Neurath, aimed at Hitler. He had done his best for two months to help Germany and England settle Spanish difficulties, perhaps even Germany's claims toward the east. Just as success seemed about to be won, Hitler had broken off negotiations. Henderson called it pure folly and showed his own anger.

When I saw von Neurath at his annual charity reception, he showed a disposition to talk. I said: "I am sorry you are not going to London to settle that long-drawn-out Spanish war." He at once replied that he too was sorry and otherwise indicated his realization of Hitler's arbitrary blunder. There were 1,000 guests on von Neurath's lawn. Several diplomats showed their sympathy with von Neurath, even the Frenchman, the Latin Americans, and especially the Ministers from the Danube-Balkan states.

Today it is reported that Mussolini is displeased with Hitler's decision, that the German army officers are equally dissatisfied because they hoped to get their forces out of Spain, and that Hitler himself is for once embarrassed. I doubt this last. Anyway, we telegraphed the violent press attacks on England and the reported restiveness here, in spite of press behavior. My opinion is that Hitler hoped to get what he wanted because France and Russia were so upset, and hoped to alienate England from France.

Sir Nevile on His "Mission"

June 23. Concerned about the British attitude, I went to see Ambassador Henderson. [NOTE: Sir Nevile Henderson, author, in 1940, of Failure

or a Mission.] The first point discussed was my two-year advocacy of British-American commercial co-operation and lower tariffs. The Ambassador said he agreed entirely. But when I asked him about his government's attitude toward Germany he said: "My government has been unwise in its relations with Germany. I told von Neurath that, and also told him Hitler's decision to keep von Neurath at home was equally unwise."

He turned to a general discussion of things: "Germany under Hitler is renewing the Bismarck policy of annexing all European peoples of German descent, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other countries." Although I had suspected Henderson was inclined to favor German annexations, I did not think he would go so far in his statements. He then added: "Germany must dominate the Danube-Balkan zone, which means that she is to dominate Europe. England and her Empire is to dominate the seas along with the United States. England and Germany must come into close relations, economic and political, and control the world." He said: "France is a back number and unworthy of support. Franco is to control Spain." He seemed not to be aware of British-American opposition to the ruthless Nazi treatment of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. I wonder if Ambassador Henderson really represents his government. What would happen to Britain if Germany annexed all the peoples all the way to the Black Sea?

Rumors About Sumner Welles

June 30. I heard from a friend today distressing news about the new Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles. According to the story as I heard it, six senators secured his appointment by threatening quietly to vote against Roosevelt's Supreme Court reform if he did not name Welles to the post. He was Ambassador to Cuba early in the Roosevelt regime. His stay there was most embarrassing, I have heard.

He has one of the greatest houses in Washington, with fifteen servants, and another house for summer use in Maryland. He . . . gives parties hardly matched by any of the Ambassadors in Washington. I was a little surprised to read a day or two ago in the press that Roosevelt had spent a Sunday with Welles at his Maryland mansion. Politics is a strange game, even with a real man like Roosevelt.

Quezon's Fond Hopes of Hitler

July 6. President Quezon of the Philippines came to call and to indicate his objectives: to see what Germany is like, to talk with Hitler, and also to discuss possible trade agreements. I had met Quezon about 1912 when he was lecturing in Chicago for Philippine independence. He seems quite able and thoughtful. The independence of his country is his basic ideal in life and it seems about to be realized, but he showed some uneasiness about Japan and expressed the hope that Germany might recover her colonial possessions in the Far East. I thought he preferred this because it might prevent Japan from annexing his country. He also dreaded the time when American tariffs would be applied in the Philippines.

Austria Anxious, and No Wonder

July 12. George S. Messersmith, American Minister to Austria, called. He is soon to succeed Under-Secretary Carr in our State Department,

"Pssst!"

Carr having been in the position for forty years.

I reported to Messersmith that the Austrian Minister in Berlin had shown much anxiety to me about the fate of his country as we were walking together privately in the Tiergarten. Messersmith said the concern was due to conversations between the British Ambassador here, Henderson, and an important official from Vienna. The British Ambassador said Austria, being Nazi, must be annexed by Germany. This was at once reported to Schuschnigg, the Chancellor of Austria, and that led to immediate telegraphic inquiries in London.

Schuschnigg was satisfied by denials from Minister Eden, but Messersmith added that he was still expecting trouble when he left Vienna, especially about the Hitler conferences in Berchtesgaden, von Papen having made demands which could not be accepted. Messersmith said Austria would go to war if Hitler sent an army into the country. Something like this is always happening.

Karl von Wiegand called this afternoon, having been in Austria recovering from an illness contracted in Spain. He said that Austria is still in great anxiety, but that he talked an hour in Munich with General von Reichenau, one of the foremost officers in the army, and the general was most impatient with the Führer, who is committed to open intervention in Spanish affairs. Von Reichenau said the army in general is by no means in sympathy with the Hitler system, but that Hitler has greatly increased the SS forces, taken the best young officers from the army and built up the SS for personal purposes. Five thousand SS troops are kept in Munich all the time, with other units scattered over Germany. The idea seems to be to guard against any internal or army revolt. All policemen are also taken from the SS and are exceedingly well trained.

"China Will Fight Desperately"

July 13. The Chinese Ambassador called this morning to express his appreciation of American sympathy at the moment the Japanese attacks were beginning in North China again. He added: "Japan chose this moment to attack China because Russia is in such a domestic difficulty that she cannot give us any aid. The Japanese military people are also pressing for war at this moment because they think a victory in China would restore the government's popularity with the people, who have voted twice in recent elections overwhelmingly against the present regime."

While I do not know enough of the situation in the Far East to be too certain of his statement, I think his analysis is reasonably logical and seems to be correct. The Ambassador showed great concern, but said his government would fight desperately against Japan.

"All Russia's Fault"—as Usual

July 14. In view of the international difficulties and dangers, I called on Secretary von Neurath of the Foreign Office this morning at twelve o'clock. As I entered the Foreign Office the Japanese Ambassador was leaving. Von Neurath said to me that Russia is provoking the Chinese to fight the Japanese. When I told him what the Chinese Ambassador had said yesterday, von Neurath insisted that Russia was the instigator, but he added, Germany is willing to support the United States and England if they negotiate a peace in the Far East. When I asked about the Spanish situation, he replied that Mussolini is no longer insisting that Germany send more men and ammunition to Spain. What specific conclusions one may draw is not quite clear, but all statements as to the Spanish war seem to indicate that a solution favorable to Germany and Italy is being arrived at.

I am more inclined to accept the Chinaman's conversation as true than I am that of any high German official. Von Neurath is personally opposed to much that Hitler does, but he always surrenders.

Nazi Diplomacy's Double-Talker

July 20. Upon the request of Secretary Hull I called on von Mackensen, Under-Secretary here, this after-

noon. For half an hour I tried to learn what Germany really thinks of the United States' protests against war in the Far East. All I could get from him was: "Russia secretly helps both Japan and China in the hope of weakening both Powers." Germany, he said, was equally friendly to both Japan and China and not disposed to help either side. When I inquired about his attitude toward the Hull memorandum which I had been asked to present, he said he could not give me a written reply, as von Neurath is away until September 1 and he was leaving tomorrow; but he insisted that Germany approved the British and American protests against the war in the Far East, except that no official support could be given. I had some doubts.

Then he entered into a discussion of American-Brazilian trade relations as operating to defeat German trade there. When I said the cause of the American attitude was simply its opposition to German export subsidies when they sent goods to Brazil, he acknowledged that these subsidies were being granted, whereas a month ago when he protested to me about our trade arrangement he had said Germany gave no subsidies. When I insisted he had said there were no subsidies, he replied, "No, I did not say so." However, I know he did say so, and I reported to Washington his denial.

Not satisfied with the Foreign Office statements about the Far East, I went to see the French Ambassador. He said Russia had nothing to do with the Far Eastern outbreak, but added that if Russia does enter the war on the Chinese side there will be a European war. When I asked about Germany and Spain, he said Hitler talked to him last Sunday as if he were fairly certain the war there is soon to end. Then François-Poncet added: "Italy's internal troubles and opposition are so great that Mussolini will not send more troops to Spain." I had my doubts, though I can believe the Italian people are opposed to continued participation in the Spanish war.

Hitler's Eloquence Disparaged

July 20. The French Ambassador spoke of the propaganda mass meeting for fine arts last week-end in Munich. He said Hitler's speech was almost childish. When I asked him about his attendance at the Nürnberg Party Congress next September, he said: "All other diplomats have indicated that they will attend. I have asked my government whether I should go. They do not answer, so I told Bülow-Schwante, in charge of protocol, that I could attend only one day and not listen to the propaganda speeches." This will be the first time Ambassadors from democratic countries have attended. I told him I could not attend such Party propaganda meetings. I have not done so and cannot do so unless ordered by my government, which would lead to my resignation. I do not care to sit by quietly and listen to Hitler and Goebbels denounce democracies. He agreed, but added, "We may all have to attend to avoid trouble."

Even Seasickness Seemed Better

July 24. My wife and I left our home at 10.45 A. M. and drove to Hamburg. I got my room on the City of Baltimore promptly and the ship sailed slowly down the Elbe at 7 P. M.

July 26. Yesterday there was what they call a choppy sea and nearly everybody was seasick. Reports from Berlin say that many more Protestant preachers have been arrested, fifty-seven in jail, Niemöller's brother among them. Two Germans who lived near the Polish boundary were executed Friday because they were reported to have told Poles what the German army plans were. The same arbitrary treatment of all opponents, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and of course indiscreet talkers, continues. The totalitarian state idea goes on without moderation. I have hoped to leave Germany permanently for more than two years. What the President will say this time I can't guess, but I can hardly stand such an atmosphere.

The President Greatly Troubled

August 11. After a week of light work on my farm [at Round Hill, Virginia] I was with President Roosevelt for luncheon. A score of men were waiting to see him when I came away. The President is greatly troubled about the danger of war and also the continued depression in the United States. He talked most frankly for an hour.

He said: "I wish you to return to Berlin for two or three months. When you retire I have promised Ambassador Davies, now in Russia, to appoint him your successor."

Mr. Roosevelt had heard that I had been announced as one of the speakers at the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations early in September. He urged me to go and "speak the truth about things." I told him I was not quite well and needed a real vacation. . . .

After the conference in the White House I saw Secretary Hull, who surprised me by reporting that Ambassador Dieckhoff had protested to him on August 6 against an interview published on the 5th, on my arrival. I had not mentioned Germany or events there, though I referred to Martin Luther, and I could not see how any fault could be found in what I said. Mr. Hull had said at once to Dieckhoff: "I agree entirely with what our Ambassador said and cannot see how a protest can be made." The Secretary and I were as much in agreement about European affairs as we have been from the beginning. He made it plain that he did not wish Davies to be Ambassador to Berlin and he seemed glad to know I had been urged to return even for three months.

My good friend Judge R. Walton Moore, now Counselor to the Department, advised me to call on the new Under-Secretary, Sumner Welles. . . . I sent my card to Mr. Welles' office and offered to call, but he was engaged and I did not care to wait and so returned, driving my own car, to the farm.

Mr. Gilbert Goes to Nürnberg

September 4. This morning I read in the New York Herald Tribune a paragraph of a confidential letter I had sent to Secretary Hull advising against attendance at the Nürnberg party show by Prentiss Gilbert, now our chargé d'affaires in Berlin. There was also reference to a telegram I had sent him from Williamstown, also protesting strongly against this violation of our 150-year-old diplomatic custom of not attending official party celebrations in foreign countries.

The letter had been sent ten days before I left for Williamstown, for Judge Moore to hand to Secretary Hull without letting any one else see it. Now it has been published in the press as if I had said it publicly at Williamstown, only a few days after Gilbert had upset the precedent I set for four years, by attending Hitler's great Nazi propaganda spectacle.

Back to Berlin's Atmosphere

October 18. After arranging some work to be done by Tom Reed, a good tenant in one of my houses, I set out for New York again to begin my journey once more to Berlin. The State Department had arranged for me to go on October 20, and Secretary Hull had said to me the preceding Friday, I believe, that the President at his home, Hyde Park, New York, wished to talk with me again. . . .

Could England Be Co-operative?

October 19. Driving over the wonderful New York parkways, we reached the President's house—a marvelous place—at eleven thirty. The President revealed his anxiety about foreign affairs, discussed the Japanese-Chinese situation, and talked of the possibilities of the Brussels peace conference, which Norman Davis is to attend for him. One thing troubled him: Could the United States, England, France, and Russia actually co-operate? If so, the Japanese could be halted and the dictators of Europe finally be brought to some more peaceful position. I could see little chance of real co-operation when England had refused so long to make a treaty with the United States even on trade matters.

By mid-November—all of ten months before Munich! — Ambassador Dodd was to conclude grimly that if the democracies continued their "popular isolation policies" a complete totalitarian domination of Europe and Asia would result. His reasons were compelling—but Paris and London knew them even better than he did and went on ignoring them. His private diary will disclose them to you in Liberty next week!

I would not take a chance on plays dealing with Hollywood sex life.

IF I WERE A *Producer*

Blithely, an outspoken critic ponders how to pick a successful play

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WHEN Mencken and I were editing magazines together it was one of our practices arbitrarily to accept for publication any manuscript that had been sternly rejected by more than three editors of other magazines. If a script had been rejected by only two or three, we occasionally read it before buying it, just to make sure. But if it had been turned down by four to six or a dozen, we felt perfectly safe in buying it unread, save perhaps only for a cursory once-over to see that the commas were in their proper places and that there weren't too many of them, which nearly always is a sure sign that the author is either a female schoolteacher or a male of the belletristic species who scrupulously polishes up otherwise unscrupulous literary performances.

It was our somewhat impertinent theory that most of the other magazines of the time had become at once editorially rule-bound and woefully stereotyped and that, accordingly, stories and articles which they would not for a moment consider were just our dish. And I think I simply repeat history when I say that our theory worked successfully in practice for a period of something like fifteen years.

All this is by way of getting to the point of what I would do if I were a theatrical producer. Just as we had a graded list of magazine editors whose rejections counted so many points in favor of a manuscript—and some otherwise very highly respected editors were on it—so would I prepare myself a list of other producers and act accordingly. For the records of the theater indicate pretty clearly that you can very often gauge not only the critical quality but even the commercial potentiality of a play by the character and number of producers who have contemptuously declined to have anything to do with it.

If you think all this is mere smart-aleckism, here are some sample testimonials to my contention:

Exactly twenty-seven producers rejected The Barretts of Wimpole Street, that big critical and box-office success, before Guthrie McClintic finally put it on.

Four producers, including Gilbert Miller, turned down the critical and commercial hit, The Corn Is Green, before Herman Shumlin decided to give it a chance.

At least four producers spurned Elmer Rice's Street Scene, which ran for 601 performances in New York alone, before the author succeeded in persuading William A. Brady to do it, the aforesaid William A. Brady being the producer who gave up his rights to the enormously prosperous melodrama, Broadway, in the belief that it wasn't much good.

Edgar Selwyn, who had first chance at Eugene O'Neill's Anna Christie, spurned it as a poor play that would offend audiences and would never go in the theater.

The Shuberts wanted to close Shadow and Substance after its week's tryout in Pittsburgh, insisting it could be nothing but a rank failure. It subsequently was one of the hits of the season.

The Group Theatre, which announced that it was crazy to get hold of a good play, abruptly rejected Saroyan's The Time of Your Life, which Eddie Dowling then promptly accepted and not only saw it win both the Critics' Circle and Pulitzer prizes but enjoy long runs both in New York and on the road.

When Rain, one of the biggest successes of the modern American theater, was tried out in Philadelphia, Sam Harris was so discouraged about it that he was willing to dispose of a quarter interest in it for $2,500. It subsequently made a fortune. (Incidentally, Mencken and I published Maugham's novelette, Miss Thompson, from which it was dramatized, upon its rejection by the editors of exactly fourteen other magazines.)

Rose Franken's Another Language, which ran for 433 New York performances, had been turned down all over town until Arthur Beckhard, an amateur, decided to give it a tryout in a little summer theater.

Three Men on a Horse, which made all kinds of money, was rejected by several producers, even George Abbott, who finally produced it, not believing overly much in it.

Within the Law, which coined money, was abandoned as hopeless by William A. Brady after its Chicago tryout.

Death Takes a Holiday, another money-maker, was viewed with disfavor—"You can't have Death as the central character in any play that hopes for success"—by eight producers to whom it was submitted by Adrienne Morrison, who wanted her daughter, Joan Bennett, to play the role of Grazia, which she should have done.

If it had not been for John D. Williams, O'Neill's Beyond the Horizon would not have been produced, as no Broadway producer would have been interested in it. It ran out the season and won the Pulitzer prize.

It took the actor Arnold Daly, a quondam office boy of Charles Frohman's, to do Bernard Shaw first in America, the producers having utterly no use for him.

ONE might go on endlessly, but enough examples have been cited to show the way the wind often blows.

We come to plays I would not under any circumstances presently take a chance on if I were a producer.

First, ghost plays. Or at least plays in which ghosts are represented on the stage in person. Nine out of every ten such plays are foredoomed to failure, since the critics understandably cannot dissociate from burlesque the physical presence of actors as spooks.

Secondly, plays in which a sex-starved woman married to a hopeless invalid or cripple finds a sudden release from her anatomical famishment in a passing young man, whereupon her hitherto glum face is instantaneously pervaded by a new youthful glow.

Thirdly, plays in which a young Left-winger in a brown suit, blue shirt with a tie flapping out, and with rumpled hair enters the heroine's drawing room and tells her and every one else around that they are mere parasites.

Fourthly, plays dealing with Hollywood sex life, however truthfully and however good.

Fifthly, any play one of whose important situations is developed through something suddenly heard over the radio.

Sixthly, the play which thinks to give a conventional plot an unconventional and important air by making the husband or lover a scientist of one sort or another and embroidering the dialogue with scientific delicatessen.

Seventhly, any play containing a symbolical thunderstorm, or a frumpy heroine who in the last act shows up looking like Lillian Russell, or a woman whom retribution overtakes for a sin committed in the past, or a group of young people sitting around fingering tennis rackets, or a detective who miscellaneously addresses women as "sister," or a separated married couple who meet in later years and conclude that after all they mean more to each other than any one else, or, finally, a race horse.

Eighthly, Biblical plays that draw modern analogies. Or, in point of fact, any Biblical plays.

Ninthly, biographical plays about celebrated poets, authors, or composers.

And, in the tenth place, plays in which a timid little man eventually outwits and triumphs over a lot of tough mugs.

A FAVORITE conviction of the majority of producers is that you can't tell anything about a play manuscript merely from a reading of it and that you have to get a glimpse of it in actual production before you know what you have got. This, I have the impudence to observe, is the sheerest baloney. I certainly am no very exceptional fellow, but it seems to me one of the simplest things in the world to tell a good play from the reading of it in script form, and even a far simpler one to tell a bad play. There is no mystery to it. Any one with any sense of theatrical values should be able readily to recognize the values or lack of values in a script.

I hope that I may not appear too offensively bumptious if I offer myself in this direct connection as a test tube. And I am, recall, no experienced theatrical producer but merely an average dramatic critic. Well, then, six months before the production of Strange Interlude, which I had read in manuscript, I published a critical article saying that, despite the grave and worried doubts over its excessive length, it was certain to be a theatrical sensation. I read both Shadow and Substance and The White Steed in script and five months before they were produced announced both as potential prize winners. After reading Saroyan's The Time of Your Life, I printed an article boosting it fully six months before its production. It should be noted here that Eddie Dowling, who apparently knows infinitely more about manuscript values than the majority of his producing colleagues, accepted the three plays mentioned as soon as they were submitted to him. He is one of the very few producers who doesn't believe in the bosh of not being able to tell a good play when he reads it.

I read the manuscript of Tennessee Williams' Battle of Angels, which Bennett Cerf, the publisher, and the Theatre Guild were crazy about, and privately expressed the opinion to Cerf that it was very bad. The play had to be closed after a recent brief Boston tryout. Maurine Watkins gave me the script of her Chicago and I promptly sat down and blew the trumpet for it in a magazine article. I told Saroyan to throw his The Hero of the World into the wastebasket; he didn't do it and tried it out in one of the summer theaters; it is in the wastebasket now.

MORE seeming brag. O'Neill sent me the script of Ah, Wilderness! which he seemed to have some qualms about, inasmuch as it was such a departure from his accepted style and manner. I was enthusiastic about it and told him, as he will substantiate, that it was absolutely certain of both critical and commercial success. Incidentally, in the earlier days it was your humble servant who, admiring the plays in script, sent Anna Christie first to Selwyn and then to Arthur Hopkins, and persuaded Williams to read Beyond the Horizon, O'Neill's first full-length play.

More immodesty still. I have read Saroyan's Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning, and if he will carefully edit and expand it—it presently would run only an hour—he will, I believe, get an available play out of it. Sean O'Casey's short play, The End of the Beginning, still unproduced, would prove to be as hilarious a comedy as our theater has ever seen. O'Casey's newest play, Purple Dust, is—as I wrote seven months ago after reading it—beautiful writing and generally superior drama, for O'Casey, after all, is Ireland's greatest living playwright, but it is too fine a work to make any real money at the popular box office.

Still more deplorable ostentation. I urged Paul Vincent Carroll, after reading the scripts of both Kindred and The Old Foolishness, not to let any producer see them, as they were both impossibly bad. He allowed them to be produced by Edward Choate and John Golden respectively—producers who esteemed them highly—and both were immediate critical and box-office failures.

I could go on, but those sarcastic beanshooters of yours are getting a bit too uncomfortable.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

THEY left one important question off the general classification cards: "Are you a screwball?" If I were running this Army, I'd sort out the screwballs and assign one to each company, just to keep guys like me laughing and in a good humor. We've got a prize example in my company. Last night about 200 of us had O. K. chow in the mess hall, and as the last spoon of ice cream went down, this bird ups on his chair and yells, "Hey, waiter—give me the check for the whole thing!"

Private 1st Class, Camp McClellan.

Maybe that is covered, on the cards, under the question: "Talent for furnishing entertainment." Old Sarge agrees. One company comedian is worth two dozen movies.

I am a draftee and in the hospital, which I found easy to get in but difficult to get out. Been in five weeks and feel fine but they won't let me return to duty. Thirty more boys of the 518 M. P. Battalion are in here with me, and they agree. The following poetry is the only means of my expression:

To get in an Army Hospital
Is simple and quite easy.
You just complain of a cold
And say you're slightly wheezy.
A week will pass, or maybe two,
And you have won the bout,
But then your troubles really start:
The job of getting out!

Private, Fort Jay, N. Y.

Old Sarge knows how you feel, having been there himself. But the medicos are determined to avoid epidemics, and it's still better to be safe than sorry.

A boy of seventeen enlisted in the Army. He served two years and got into a fight with an officer. He was court-martialed and sent to prison for a year, and then given a dishonorable discharge.

Can he enlist again and clear his name of this disgrace? Does he have to go through a lot of red tape? Would his enlistment be for three or four years? Does the dishonorable discharge take away his political rights so that he cannot vote?

Mother, Michigan.

Several letters relating to dishonorable discharge received. Draft boards automatically put such men in class 4-F (last deferred). Application for re-enlistment for three-year hitch may be made and after complete examination of facts Army may permit re-enlistment. Dishonorable discharge, unless for a felony in civil law, does not affect citizenship rights.

I never answered anything in a magazine until I saw the letter from M. P. D. in This Man's Army for January 25. Say, didn't this guy ever read The Man Without a Country? Or doesn't he want to do his part? I am only nineteen years and have been in the Army six months. The Army was good enough to send me to school and I have graduated from Fort Monmouth Signal Corps instruction. The recruit who wrote that letter will some day realize that few civilians are paid as much as we are: $60 to $80 each quarter in clothing, besides our eats, a place to call home, and a salary. I like the Army and I'm not ashamed to go anywhere in my uniform, because I know I'll never disgrace it.

Private, Air Base Detachment, Fort Knox, Ky.

M. P. D. was already honing for a bonus. Compensation and bonus are proper for men wounded or otherwise disabled in the country's service but Old Sarge agrees, son, that two or three months' service is a little soon to have the hand out.

I would like to know why ex-Army men are exempt from the draft, whereas ex-Navy men are not. Seems to me that four years' training in the Navy should be equal to three years in the Army. My hitch is up soon, and I'm wondering whether I'll have to put in my year at camp regardless.

Seaman 1st Class, U. S. S. Pennsylvania.

Neither Navy nor Marine Corps is taking men from the current training conscription. They depend upon enlistments. And they hope fellows like you will sign up for Naval Reserve. Then, if you are called in the draft, it will be back on the decks again. Old Sarge salutes the fine training in the Navy.

For five years I have alternately worked and gone to college to receive a B. S. degree in chemistry. Meantime I have postponed my marriage to a very lovely girl until after graduation, which will come on June 2, at Indiana University. But my local order number is 120, and induction is inevitable July 1.

I can go to work on June 3, in the profession for which I have trained myself, for the Allison Engine Division of General Motors. Is it possible for me to go there, instead of into the service, and marry my intended spouse?

R. A. A., Bloomington, Ind.

Take it up with your local draft board. Boards to whom I talked on the subject feel you would be classed as deferred for defense, if you have an important enough job at Allison Airplane Motors.

Just a tip to the new recruits from a Regular. Pay more attention to the way you dress, especially when you go off the reservation. Shine your leather, sew up your monkey hats in the center, have your blouses, pants,

and overcoats pressed. Then see what a difference it makes in the attitude of the public.

Corporal, Field Artillery Det., West Point, N. Y.

All good soldiers take pride in their appearance. You don't have to be the company dude in order to look smart and well kept.

Old Sarge wants to say thanks for the many letters from fellows who like the department. He is anxious for suggestions that would improve the page, and for stories worth a laugh as well as the more serious problems. Carry on!

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The colorful chronicle of a turbulent career moves swiftly toward its close

She provided girls to occupy the King in his lighter moments.

Madame Pompadour of Rumania

THE STORY OF MAGDA LUPESCU AND KING CAROL

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Carol, after having been called back to Rumania from exile by Juliu Maniu, the National Peasant Party Premier, on the understanding that his divorce from Helena would be annulled and that Madame Lupescu would stay away, proclaimed himself King as soon as he returned, bought off his ex-wife for $80,000 a year, and installed Magda in Bucharest. Whereupon Maniu resigned.

The court and the Iron Guard still worked against Lupescu; mobs, inflamed by anti-Semitic oratory, cried: "Down with the Jewish wolf!" But her power over the King remained as strong as ever. When his brother Nicholas wanted Madame Saveanu, his morganatic wife, recognized, Carol refused—because Lupescu did not like the woman. The resultant estrangement between the brothers drove Nicholas further into the Nazi and Fascist fold. Carol's son Mihai, too, showed strong Fascist leanings.

Queen Mother Marie, who was ill, finally prevailed upon her sons to meet at her palace for a reconciliation. They were talking together when Mihai came in wearing a Fascist emblem. Carol boxed his ears. Nicholas interfered and made a slurring remark about Carol's "Jewish mistress." The Queen Mother threw herself between them to stop the quarrel. A shot rang out. And Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania fell bleeding to the floor!

PART SIX—THE DEATH OF A QUEEN

THERE is a saying in Rumania that "One crow never pecks out another's eyes." That may be the reason no member of the royal family has ever openly charged any other member with firing the shot which hastened the end for Dowager Queen Marie.

A Crown Council was immediately summoned. Nicholas was declared to be no longer a member of the royal family, was stripped of all his titles and privileges and ordered to leave the country or to reside in some out-of-the-way district as an ordinary Rumanian subject.

Nicholas protested vigorously. In a letter to the Crown Council, he charged that the conflict was really due to his refusal to abandon his wife. Wrote Nicholas:

"I cannot give up the woman with whom I have lived happily for so many years, who is the mother of my son and toward whom I want to act as a gentleman."

Nicholas' friends raged. For a few hours the rumor spread that the Prince would openly join the Iron Guard who applauded his "sacrifice for love." In an open letter the old foe of the Hohenzollern dynasty, General Georges Cantacuzene, alleged descendant of the Rumanian Caesars of Byzantium and a leader of the Iron Guard, sharply attacked the King and his mistress.

"It should not be forgotten," charged the general, "that paragraphs twelve and thirteen of the royal family's statutes, declaring marriages of members of the Royal House invalid if contracted without the consent of the family's head, were inserted by King Ferdinand in order to prevent Carol from marrying Madame Lupescu. Now, on the strength of these paragraphs, Nicholas has been deprived of his princely rank. Nicholas, however, married a Rumanian Christian of a respectable family and is not living with a Lupescu who interferes in State affairs.

"The truth is that Nicholas refused to bow before Madame Lupescu and also refused to let his Rumanian wife become the bondwoman to a foreigner. And what ingratitude! It was Nicholas who helped his brother regain his throne. And now that brother's Ministers have arrested him, humiliated him, ill-treated him, and exiled him from his native land."

For a moment Rumania seemed to be on the eve of a revolution. On April 14, 1937, the Iron Guard launched the rumor that Nicholas had refused to leave the country. In an inflammatory speech General Cantacuzene called upon the army:

"I give you this battle cry: 'Long live Her Majesty Queen Helen! Long live Prince Nicholas!' Carry this battle cry over the walls of the city, throughout our country and into the world beyond."

Eventually, on April 16, as a result of Dowager Queen Marie's insistent appeals from her sickbed, a *modus vivendi* was reached. Said the dispatches:

"This white-hot atmosphere of strife suddenly and superficially cleared up last week as Premier George Tatarescu . . . sent Vice-Premier Ion Inculet with a beautifully engrossed parchment for Prince Nicholas to sign, renouncing all his rights (he is second in line for the throne) and even depriving himself of membership in the Rumanian royal family . . . According to the Rumanian government, Nicholas said he was 'satisfied' to sign this parchment, and everything had been settled at Bucharest. . . ."

Nicholas, with the King's approval, assumed the name of Count Brana. On the following day he publicly denied any association with the Iron Guard.

After settling his financial problems with the King, Count Brana, the Countess, and their son left Rumania on April 24, apparently determined to refrain from further political activity. Little was heard from him in the following months.

Only in July, 1938, after the death of Queen Marie, whose heart had never recovered from the shock, did Nicholas briefly return to Rumania to participate in the funeral rites of his mother who in her testament had

expressed as her last wish that her younger son be permitted to follow her coffin and that Carol should make one more effort toward a reconciliation.

Sobbing, Nicholas followed his mother's coffin through the streets of Bucharest in the red uniform of the Knights of Malta, having lost his rank as Admiral of the Fleet and having no other uniform to wear. It was announced that the brothers had been reconciled through Patriarch Miron Cristea's laying the King's hands in the hands of Prince Nicholas before the open coffin of the dead Queen.

Nevertheless, Nicholas immediately left the country, and not until after his brother's recent flight did he cross the borders again.

The death of the old Queen was an epochal event. Since the return of Carol and his seizure of the throne, the woman Charlemagne had been in political eclipse. But sentimentally she remained the symbol of Rumanian unity and the spearhead of its brief essay at greatness.

She it was who had, by a combination of political astuteness and feminine wiles, converted a weak Balkan principality into a nation of eighteen million people, eighth largest in all Europe. Without her, in less than three years, it has shrunk to almost its former boundaries and to the status of a vassal state.

There was no question of her popularity. Her ministers had robbed her people mercilessly, but she was personally a generous, kindly woman. These qualities Rumanians choose to remember. "As Marie of Rumania passed to her last resting place," said one observer, "devout thousands groveled in prayer, made the sign of the cross." Surely the funeral cortege of neither her son Carol nor her grandson Mihai would evoke any such public sorrowing!

With his mother and Jon Bratianu dead, with Nicholas and Count Stirbey exiled, Carol II was at last free to exert untrammeled his royal will. The events of the two succeeding years would seem to show that he did a rather bad job of it. But one thing is certain, and history will probably give Magda Lupescu a large share of the credit for it: Carol was improving with age.

The newspapers still referred to him as a playboy. Columnists loved to mouth the alliterative title of the "Horrible Hohenzollern." Cartoonists featured his growing midriff, his continuing buck teeth. Gossip specialists licked their lips over stories of his "wild" life with his "Jewish mistress." Then there was that widely printed story about the intoxicated man in a masseur's costume, said to be Carol of Rumania, who entertained the London crowds by his antics as a participant in the funeral procession of King George V. Most newsmen are now inclined to believe that this story was nothing more than a cruel canard, to which Carol's earlier career might well have laid him open.

Carol was a steady drinker, yes; perhaps a heavy one from some points of view; but he was not a drunkard. Under Lupescu's influence, his personal life at the time these tales were being printed about him was probably cleaner than it had ever been in his whole hectic career. We have already seen his relations with his son. We shall now see his efforts to improve the lot of his subjects.

For Carol, at this period, was beginning to show some of that enlightened social vision which was to characterize many of his acts during the last years of his reign.

His father, King Ferdinand, had split up a good bit of Rumanian territory among the peasant farmers; but the Bratianu-Stirbey clique so managed the details of the "reform" as to stultify completely the royal gesture and frustrate the royal will. In order to work the land, the peasants were forced to borrow money from the Bratianu-controlled bankers to buy seed and tools at interest rates ranging from 30 to 50 per cent, and to pay outlandish prices for their supplies to local tradesmen, with the result that they soon found themselves much worse off as landowners than they had been as tenants.

This was quite in the usual Rumanian manner; for the corruption to which we have already referred was not confined to Rumanian official life but permeated the financial and commercial life as well. All of which may account for the fact that Magda and Carol were openly accused of doing the same thing without, it should be noted, the slightest feeling of indignation on the part of many of their accusers.

Anyway, Carol, in his new zeal for the public welfare, did try hard to improve the situation so far as the peasants' land problem was concerned. Setting a strikingly good example himself one Christmas by presenting a thousand peasants with a thousand

plows, he forced the government to lift the load of past usury and pass laws to hold the banking ring in future check. He also lifted from the shoulders of the ordinary man some of the yoke of military oppression hitherto exercised by an army hierarchy quite as corrupt as the political one. And to children of the masses he promised educational opportunities of which they had never dreamed.

Worshipful biographers of the Bolitho type wax lyrical over these good works. Even Carol's detractors admit that, for a while, the King seemed determined to do something to compensate for a wasted youth. If he had been allowed to continue on this course, he might still have gone down in the history books as an enlightened monarch. But just as Maniu, in his projected reforms, had not counted on Lupescu, Carol, in his, had not counted on Hitler.

Before the latter's spectacular rise to power, the warfare carried on by Codreanu and his fellows scarcely ranked above the occasional guerrilla activities of rowdies and hoodlums before prohibition laid its devastating hand on the United States and delivered it into the hands of organized crime. After his rise, however, Nazi money rolled into the Iron Guard treasury and made that organization a formidable factor in Rumanian life, of which not only Lupescu might well be afraid, but which threatened to destroy her lover as well.

So strong did the anti-Semitic feeling become that Carol's pet Premier, George Tatarescu, head of the National Liberal Party, was decisively defeated at the polls in the election which ushered in the year 1938. At once the King was in a spot. The second and third largest parties, led by Juliu Maniu and the Iron Guard founder, Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, were both committed to the ousting of Magda Lupescu, the one by exile, the other by death. To summon either of these leaders to form a government would mean the immediate exit of the woman the King loved.

IN the crisis Carol showed himself most resourceful. It was obvious that he must make some concessions to the growing feeling against the Jews, and it was fortunate that there was in Rumania still another party, the National Christian Party, which, though very small, was quite as anti-Semitic as the others. This party, however, was led by an elderly scholar and poet, Octavian Goga, who was, in spite of his anti-Semitism, a secret admirer—in a nice way, I mean —and loyal friend of Magda Lupescu. Carol made Goga his Premier.

Magda Lupescu's sudden departure from Rumania immediately following Goga's induction seemed to be the final seal on King Carol's surrender to her anti-Semitic foes. So convinced were the wearers of the swastika, spurred on by the old Jew-baiter, Alexander Cuza, who had become minister without portfolio in Goga's Cabinet, that unparalleled outrages—that is, for Rumania—were committed against Jews throughout the kingdom. Magda, however, was, as usual, quite undisturbed. The London Daily Sketch quoted her as confiding to her friend and banker, Dragul Popescu as follows:

"Many people consider M. Goga my enemy. Actually he is my friend, my very firm friend. Immediately when M. Goga came into power he talked to me earnestly, pleading that it would be better for every one if for the moment I left Rumania. . . . Before I left Bucharest I had a long conversation with the King. In my house at Sinaia we talked the problem over again, trying to make up our minds what was truly the best course . . . I have not forgotten that above all I am a great Rumanian patriot, and the interests of Rumania weigh with me more than any other consideration. I intend to settle down for a little while in Paris."

In Rumania, Magda's absence was also interpreted as signalizing the end of her long romance with the King. She was no longer young, and the life which she had lived so long with a man who "didn't believe in dieting" had not tended to perpetuate her slender beauty. Her habit of providing young girls to occupy the King in his lighter moments also seemed to indicate to those who did not know her craftiness in such matters that the physical tie between her and Carol was at last broken.

According to Bucharest gossip, even Magda's own relatives shared in these misgivings. Papa Wolf is the seriocomic hero of most such tales. When the "scandal" of Prince Nicholas' marriage and remarriage became known the old gentleman is said to have come to her crying, "Daughter, daughter! What kind of family are you getting mixed up with?" Now he is supposed to have telegraphed: "Aren't my children happy?"

So very unhappy were Carol and Magda, but only because of their enforced separation, that Carol promptly threw out the government just formed by Goga and proclaimed himself dictator. Whereupon Magda came back to the villa in the Alea Vulpache, and everything went on as before, only more so.

There was much difference in opinion as to Carol's action in throwing out the old constitution and decreeing a new one which placed all powers in his own hands. Said Bolitho: "He has given them [the people] their Magna Charta." Said others: "Abolishing trial by jury, for example, can hardly be interpreted as a progressive move." But in the long run it was the personal revenge he took on the members of the Lupescu-hating Iron Guard that sealed his fate and Magda's. Admittedly hundreds, presumably thousands, of these Jew-baiters were summarily executed, including their leader, Codreanu.

FOR the events which followed swiftly at 2 Alea Vulpache during the next few months, we turn to evidence offered by one of Madame Lupescu's closest confidants:

"Everybody thought that the execution of Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, the Iron Guard leader, would put an end to Nazism in Rumania. This might have been so, had not the Germans won mastery over so much of Europe. Thus the elimination of Rumania's Nazi leader only increased the hatred against Carol and Lupescu. She was blamed by the ultra-nationalistic groups for having induced Carol to purge the country of the Iron Guards.

"I consider it my duty to state that this is not the case. I heard Madame Lupescu implore Carol not to take too drastic steps against the leader of this movement, forecasting the heavy consequences which might derive from such measures. But the King, after his return from Berchtesgaden, where he had a long and dramatic interview with the Führer, decided that his throne was no longer safe as long as a single Rumanian Nazi was alive.

"Thousands were killed or interned in concentration camps within a few weeks. But in spite of all these strong measures, the Nazi avalanche could not be stopped. After the cession of Bessarabia and Transylvania, anarchy broke out in the country.

"It was the easiest thing for Carol's enemies to blame the King's Jewish mistress for everything that happened. Many anti-Semites were attracted by Nazism and soon German

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propaganda created a rift between the monarch, who as a grandson of Queen Victoria was pro-British, and many of his subjects, who, thanks to Nazi promises, became fifth columnists. Even Crown Prince Mihai, the King's son, became a suspect and was kept . . . secretly under surveillance.

"Political murders became habitual in Rumania. Governments used to change every few months. Alliances with neighboring countries were made and broken fortnightly. The royal palace in the Calea Victoriei, with its huge staff and listening walls, became unsafe. Secret conferences with foreign diplomats and special emissaries thereafter took place in Madame Lupescu's house.

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"A servant in Magda's employ was offered $10,000 if she would report to a certain Mr. Konradi what she overheard in Madame's house. The offer came to her through a chauffeur who was employed by the German Legation and who was acquainted with her family. When she asked who Mr. Konradi was, she was told he was a German business man. She learned later that this Mr. Konradi was actually the chief of the Nazi Gestapo in Rumania.

"The Iron Guard, Rumania's Nazi Party, was growing in strength by leaps and bounds. Fortunately for Carol and Magda, some of its important members were informers. Thus they learned that their cook, Petre Oancea, was assigned to poison both the King and Magda. Oancea was arrested and secretly executed.

"Another time a mysterious fire broke out in their villa while the King was spending the night. . . . In this case, one of the lackeys was found to be an Iron Guard member.

"Other plots to murder the King and Magda were discovered. They lived in constant fear for their lives. Magda now seldom left the house, became pale and extremely nervous. Several times the King advised her to go abroad for a rest. She definitely refused to do so.

"'You will need me more than ever now,' she said."

But the time soon came when Magda Lupescu realized that not only she but Carol himself would ultimately have to flee from Rumania and become, for the second time in their lives, penniless exiles.

IN Rumania Carol was a rich man. With his father and mother dead, he was the sole heir of his great-uncle, Carol I, whose fortune was estimated to be between fifteen and twenty million dollars. He also possessed a considerable personal fortune which he had accumulated from an annual "civil list" allowance of over $350,000 a year for personal expenses, although many of these were already paid out of secret government funds over which the King had discretionary powers.

For example, it is said that it was not Carol personally but the Rumanian treasury that bought for the royal use Lady Yule's famous yacht; the yacht, however, is regarded by all as the property of the King. In like manner, the extensive additions to the royal palace in Bucharest, which have cost the Rumanian nation many hundreds of thousands of dollars, have simply served to increase the value of a building which Carol is said to regard as his own private property.

It is easy to see, with a set-up like this and a $350,000 annual income and a $15,000,000 foundation on which to build, that Carol was not a poor man. Unfortunately, however, all of his properties and most of his investments were in Rumania, and would undoubtedly be confiscated by whatever government succeeded him.

Magda, a shrewd business woman, was fully aware of this situation and, being a realist herself, it is easy to believe that she decided that Carol should begin doing a little confiscating himself. Reforms were fine. An honest government was better than a dishonest one. Magda agreed to all this. But, in five years of exile, she had learned the truth of that ancient Rumanian proverb:

"Money is round and rolls easily."

As Magda's confidant puts it, "There was the necessity of making as much money as possible within the shortest time. This was a comparatively easy matter in a corrupt country like Rumania."

Easy? Perhaps. But exciting no end, with the Nazi hordes clamoring at the Rumanian gates!

So Magda and Carol begin to prepare for the day when they may have to flee Rumania. How they did it, the thrilling story of their escape, and prophecies of what the future may hold for them will appear in next week's final chapter.

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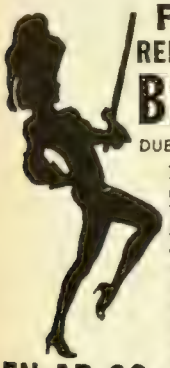

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★ 4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR ★

★ ★ ★½ CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP

THE PLAYERS: Martha Scott, William Gargan, Edmund Gwenn, Sterling Holloway, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Anderson, Dorothy Peterson, Donald Douglas, Marsha Hunt, Ralph Bowman, Lois Ranson, Rosemary DeCamp, Knox Manning, John Arledge, William Bakewell, Jack Mulhall, Howard Hickman, Helen MacKellar, William Farnum. Screen adaptation by Stephen Vincent Benét from Bess Streeter Aldrich's novel, Miss Bishop. Screen play by Adelaide Heilbron and Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Richard A. Rowland-United Artists. Running time, 95 minutes.

A FEMININE Goodbye, Mr. Chips, with Martha Scott in a stunt performance, carrying her from nineteen to seventy, of a teacher in a small Middle Western college. Hovering on the edge of farm-born Ella Bishop's lonely academic life is the simple, kindly, untutored Sam Peters; into its lean and measured years romance enters just twice. First her boy-struck little cousin steals the young lawyer she has cared for; later a wife refuses divorce to the handsome worldly-wise teacher who has stirred her to real love. So Ella Bishop goes on alone. All this is told in a measured tempo, with colorful background detail of each era in Ella's austere life.

This is what Hollywood calls a woman's picture. It is full of tugs at the heart. Martha Scott's sacrificing Ella is an interesting performance. William Gargan is pretty good as the ever-faithful Sam Peters, Edmund Gwenn contributes an excellent study of Mid-Western's pioneer first president, Sidney Blackmer makes his brief moments stand out as the teacher who leaves his imprint on Ella's lonely life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Martha Scott is twenty-four, born at Gee's Landing, Missouri. Scored on Broadway in Our Town, played the same role of Emily in the film version. . . . The campus of the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, served for the background shots. . . . Authoress Bess Streeter Aldrich lives near Lincoln; this very campus had been the pattern for her mythical Mid-Western.

★ ★ ★ THE LADY EVE

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, Eric Blore, Melville Cooper, Martha O'Driscoll, Janet Beecher, Robert Greig, Dora Clement, Luis Alberni. Screen play based on a story by Monckton Hoffe. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

THE promising Preston Sturges' third author-directorial job—the others were The Great McGinty and Christmas in July. Here Barbara Stanwyck is a pretty card shark who makes easy money off rich folk on such swank liners as still ply the South American lanes, while Henry Fonda, who has been doing backwoods stalwarts in blue jeans, is a smartly attired young millionaire, son of a wealthy brewing family. The rich — and serious-minded — young man has been on a year's scientific expedition up a tropical river, the girl and her card-manipulating daddy set

out to clean him—when she suddenly finds herself really in love with him.

The yarn runs thin in the last quarter, but Sturges, in the main, hits a brisk farcical pace, doesn't hesitate to try slapstick. You will like Miss Stanwyck and Fonda, you will find Charles Coburn's kindly, benevolent old "colonel"—with aces up each sleeve—to be a rich cinematic portrait. Eric Blore, too, has his suave moments as a monocled phony gentleman of title.

VITAL STATISTICS: The ocean liner promenade deck, 250 by 80 feet, occupied all of Stage 5, largest on the Paramount lot. . . . Barbara Stanwyck wears a new hair-do. Her new bob is sixteen inches long, falls six inches below her shoulders. . . . Charles Coburn doesn't wear his usual monocle in this. Because he affects it even in real life, due to defective vision in his right eye, folks think he's English. He isn't. Coburn was born in Savannah, Georgia, always has been on the American stage.

Mary Anderson and Donald Douglas play young lovers in Cheers for Miss Bishop.

★★★ COME LIVE WITH ME

THE PLAYERS: James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Ian Hunter, Verree Teasdale, Donald Meek, Barton MacLane, Edward Ashley, Ann Codee, King Baggot, Adeline de Walt Reynolds, Frank Orth, Frank Faylen, Horace MacMahon, Greta Meyer. Screen play by Patterson McNutt from a story by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 84 minutes.

HEDY LAMARR and James Stewart teamed for the first time in a farce that packs no message. Jimmy is a struggling young writer, Hedy is a lovely Austrian refugee authoress who will be deported unless she marries an American and stays the proceedings. So she arranges to pay Stewart, as Bill Smith, $17.80 a week, the exact amount he needs to exist and finish a novel, in return for which Hedy becomes Mrs. Bill Smith and escapes deportation. It's purely a business arrangement, for Mrs. Smith fancies herself interested in her book publisher, also married. Need I add that the business arrangement goes torrid? Bill Smith kidnaps his unkissed "bride," takes her to his old farm home, presided over by a very understanding grandmother.

The comedy is a little thin, seems mechanical at times, but Hedy Lamarr, up to now a shadowy figure of mystery and photogenic passions, really acts with charm and spontaneity. Jimmy Stewart is human as the penniless author, although he grows a little mannered in expressing ungainly homely integrity. Actually, an eighty-year-old actress, Adeline de Walt Reynolds, steals the hit of the picture in her film debut as Stewart's grandmother.

VITAL STATISTICS: A little old lady of eighty steals this picture and there's a real human-interest story behind her. After she had raised her four children—she was sixty-four then—she decided to go to college. Was graduated with honors from the University of California and decided to be an actress. Blanche Yurka helped her get started in a small community theater in Hollywood. Talent Scout Bill Grady of M-G-M saw her and signed her. So you have Adeline, a hit at eighty!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again.

★★★—Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married.

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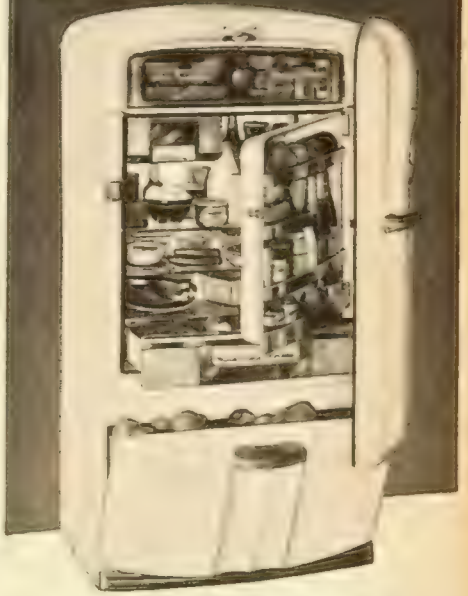

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YOUNG Ken is a pilot stationed at the R. A. F. Dover air base, where he soon distinguishes himself as a fearless fighter. His buddy, Bill Bradley, is killed in an engagement on August 21, 1940, leaving a widowed mother and Rosalie, the girl he had planned to marry on his next leave.

Luckier than his pal, Ken repeatedly takes the greatest chances with the Nazi foes, downs many, and is promoted to A Flight, where Ken chums up with three chaps of his own kind: Wally Jones, Brian Shaw, and an Irishman, O'Dowd. From them he hears of a Nazi "killer" pilot that they call "the Twirp." The four of them hope to bag him—individually—and win a bit of special glory in doing so.

Attending a cinema one afternoon, Ken, Wally, and O'Dowd experience a civilian air raid. In it a girl named Mary Waters is wounded and sped to a hospital. Caught by her brave spirit and beauty, O'Dowd and his companions swear to avenge her fivefold. And both he and Ken visit her in the hospital. O'Dowd becomes jealous of Ken and the girl.

Between battles the two boys have a leave during which Ken arranges a dancing-drinking foursome for O'Dowd and himself with the bereft Rosalie, who needs cheering up, and Viola, a night-club hostess with whom Ken has flirted.

To Viola's chagrin, Rosalie tries to take possession of Ken. The party winds up in Viola's flat just before dawn. Returning to the air base, the boys find a Pole, "the Barber," has been added to their outfit. He's a "character."

Brian is shot down in a scrimmage, and A Flight is given to Wally. "How long can any of us stand it?" muses Ken.

PART FIVE—THE BIGGEST SKY BLITZ OF ALL

September 18.

HAVE to go back a bit, to catch up with myself. I'm having heart trouble. And I thought I was settled for life. I suppose it's a case of man proposing and woman disposing.

O'Dowd and I got a spot of unexpected leave the other night and went to town in Miller's car. Damned good fellow, Miller. He got pipped. Before he went to hospital he wrote me a note saying I could use the car, and there was a tankful of petrol. Going to London, blitz or no blitz, meant looking up Viola. She seemed pleased to see me, but I couldn't help noticing she had that taken-aback feeling all the time, and it wasn't just because she was dressing. Viola isn't like that.

As I was trying to get out of her where she would like to go, the telephone rang. It did not take me half a jiff to decide there was a bloke at the other end and that they had a date. They were going to dinner somewhere and I was butting in. I could hear him getting mad as she stalled him. I stayed just long enough to hear her give him a couple of "darlings," which always makes me mad, and walked out. I hate competition. If she must go running around with some kind of profiteer, well, let her, but no second place for yours truly. Feel an awful cad about it, but I feel that way at this exact moment, and it has lasted for a few days, so I must be right.

A good job I had got O'Dowd to wait down in the lobby. I had meant to ask Viola to find another girl so we could make a foursome. We made one all right. If O'Dowd could find Huns as quickly as he can find girls in a blackout, he'd be a wizard. He is a wizard anyhow, for he's been credited with his twelfth Hun, which puts him tops with the squadron, and he's head on our Mary Waters' club.

We went on to the Café Royale for a drink. It was packed with the usual crowd jabbering like a parrot house, most of them foreigners. Masses of girls in uniform too. Noticed one fellow who looked like a pawnbroker in uniform. He was a blinking brigadier general too. Had a darned pretty corporal on the A. T. S. with him. Too good for him, even if she did have too much make-up on for a woman soldier. O'Dowd says they get stripes instead of mink now.

Our girls were corkers; I haven't bumped into a pair with such a party spirit.

At the bottom of my first Pimm's No. 1, I was registering the thought that Pimm's is the best drink in the world even if it does cost half a crown, when O'Dowd asked me what kind of girl I wanted. "Uniform, civilian, blonde, brunette, fluffy or tough?" was how he put it. Said he was going to phone auntie— "Not a relative but as useful as uncle on oc-

THE DIARY OF AN R.A.F. PILOT
EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

casion." Presently I saw his ginger head fighting its way through the crowd. Everything was fixed, he said, sure enough.

Just as I was beginning to struggle against the idea of telephoning Viola to say how sorry I was, a pennyworth of page boy came in to say two ladies were waiting for Mr. O'Dowd. They weren't exactly ladies, but they were lots of fun. I took the blonde, who was a shopgirl till Jerry blew her shop to smithereens. O'Dowd's girl was still selling ladies' millinery in Kensington.

We went to a night club in a cellar, the Cotton Club. It was packed, but the stink wasn't much worse than a shelter. There were a couple of sailors scrapping when we pushed in, and then a New Zealander took a hand, till a Canadian slugged him with something that looked suspiciously like a small bottle, but no one took much notice. The cabaret was on as well. A girl with as much clothing as wouldn't make a good bathing suit was dancing on a square of floor as big as a postage stamp. One of her high kicks knocked off a South African's hat. Every one howled with laughter when they saw he was bald as a coot.

Our girls were corkers; I haven't bumped into a pair with such a party spirit. Everything went with them, and they made everything go. Talk about amusing the troops. You simply just couldn't be dull, and I was inclined to be dull—brooding over Viola. My blonde said she wouldn't be able to dance much after that night as she was joining an evening class to learn to fill shells. They're training all kinds of women to do that.

Later that morning we got into a spot of argument with an auxiliary policeman—at least O'Dowd did. I find it best to leave him to do the talking. We pulled up the car in the outer circle in Regent's Park, and we were indulging in a little genteel poodle-faking, which seemed the natural thing to do, when the bobby stuck his head through the window and shone his torch on us. O'Dowd bellowed at him like a sergeant major. "Put that light out, you idiot. Don't you know there's a war on?"

That started a lot of words. Blitz. I started the engine, to drive off, but the fellow wrenched open the door. "Look here!" yelled O'Dowd. "You go to hell! We're the R. A. F."

"I don't care whether you're Winston Churchill," he came back. "You can't bring your bits of stuff here—this is a prohibited area."

"Well, where can we go, officer?" chipped in one of the girls. "We've got to go somewhere. We missed our train home!"

The policeman's tone changed like magic (funny what a girl can do). In a tick he'd given us the most minute instructions to get to a mews off Wigmore Street. And off we went till daylight, when we dumped the girls at Lyons' in Tottenham Court Road for breakfast and went back to the station at a lick.

A Warm Day.

THIS war has waked up. It's the sky blitz and no mistake. We're getting very busy. Seems to be a case of "a scramble a day keeps the Hun away." We've had plenty. Sunday was a warm one. The weather wasn't warm, but the battle was. We had the biggest attack ever. They came over in ruddy swarms. There never seemed any end to it. We went up five times before lunch, which is some going, and every flip was a shoot-out. Never used so much ammunition in a single day. I'm not likely to forget Sunday, September 15. It was a typical autumn day, with a clear cold sky and a bit of mist over the sea. I went for a stroll after brekker, just to enjoy the fresh air. I hadn't gone far when I heard some one call, and O'Dowd came haring after me. We had a good brisk hike to the old windmill that's lost its sails, and on our way back we went to have a look at Ferdinand. I suspect O'Dowd finds her bovine chewing soothing. He stood entranced, staring at her really rather stupid mug. She knows us quite well now. Whenever we come she fills her great trap with grass and meanders over and chews it right in our faces. This morning she was decorated. The squadron lads had tied some R. A. F. ribbon round her horns.

O'Dowd told me he was really sweet on Rosalie and he was going to ask her to marry him. "I know a good woman when I meet one," he said. "I can be faithful as the next one if I get the right kind. I've been thinking about that kid for days." Good for him and for her. It'll do them both good.

As we were buttoning up to go on duty, the Operations Officer gave us the first wind that there was a big show on. We soon got an alarm. I don't know how many squadrons took off. A good many more have arrived these days. We must have a colossal reserve. How they do it I don't know. They say Beaverbrook is responsible. He's a wizard. In her last letter mother said she'd given all her aluminum saucepans and the vacuum cleaner to the aluminum pool for Spitfires. She says she wanted to mark her big frying pan, because it would be fun if I got a machine made out of it. We went straight up to about 20,000. We struck the first 300 enemy planes nearly at the coast. There were four Spitfire squadrons and a couple of Hurricanes and a few Defiants, although they went off after some bombers that had got separated. I should say we got fifteen before a single plane of ours was hit. I can't say for sure, but I believe I had two for certain and three probables, and they were all sitters as far as I was concerned. O'Dowd was like a wild bird too. He went so close to a big Junkers with all his guns squirting, I thought he was going to crash into him, but the Hun went to pieces in

the air, and fell like a stone. I got rid of two M.E.-109s on my tail, and saw the Barber get one of them. Then I saw a Dornier below, well out of formation, with his gunner popping off madly at nothing, so I went in, and I got the luckiest shot I ever had.

When we landed for refueling the Old Man came up. "We've got to give that little bit of extra today, fellows," he said in his usual quiet voice. "Don't take any risks, though, and for heaven's sake remember the attacks." He grinned at us. "There are still some of you who don't know the difference between A and B." O'Dowd grunted and clicked his heels, and the C. O. said, "There's enough German air force up there today for us to beat all records, so let's see what we can do."

Soon we were in it again with a fresh bunch of Huns coming in low this time, which was unlucky for them. They must have heard our ground R. T. warning giving their height and thought they'd fooled us, but the Old Man spotted them. There were more bombers this time. Right above us was a Hurricane squadron, and that was superb strategy on some one's part, for as we went down a squadron of about fifty yellow-nosed M.E.-110s came down from 20,000. The Hurricanes got them before they could get in our range, and we went to our business. Normally we take one each and after tackling the fighters go for the bombers, if they haven't turned round and beat it for home. These formations were so close that they might have been held together with invisible wires.

On my way back to the airdrome I saw about fifty parachutes in the air all at the same time. Never seen the sky so full. There were Huns, bombers and fighters, black splotches of A.A. and the parachutes floating serenely down. One Hurricane in flames fell smack between two parachutes, so near that it nearly upset one of them. It hit the sea with a terrible smash.

Private Worries.

NOW the war has hit me—under the belt, too. I'm really angry with these ruddy Huns: and it takes a lot to rouse me. Had a letter from old Riggs, the tailor. His shop has been bombed. He won't be able to deliver my new togs. I *must* have them. I must have something. I can't run round with Viola on leave looking all war-stained, as she calls it. War-stained means having no crease in your trousers and looking as if you've slept in your clothes. I'll have to scrounge some somewhere. Pity O'Dowd's such a giraffe or I could borrow his, yet he's no Beau Brummell!

Had a fellow from Coastal Command in for dinner last night, and what a line he shot! From the way he talked you would think we were all babes in arms. The submarines he and his gang had sunk and the ones they hadn't! He spent half an hour telling us what a thrilling job it was chasing subs in a flying boat. It seems to be a bit of a blue-nosed job in winter, but it's cushy in summer. O'Dowd stuck the line-shooting as long as he could and then he asked the fellow quite innocently if it was true that the flying-boat pilots had to learn to drive trams before they took their wings. The chappie looked at O'Dowd as if he was every kind of idiot and much to be pitied and he bit it beautifully. "Trams—good Lord, why?" he asked.

"Oh, I heard they did," answered O'Dowd, his face as straight as a

"Now what the army wants is to make *men* out of you!"

power dive. "I thought it was to teach 'em to fly in a straight line in case the navigator got seasick."

The Coastal Command bloke got a bit red, then he grinned and said, "All right, old boy. Now you tell one."

"Sure, I've been waiting to tell you about that submarine I caught in the Thames," breezed O'Dowd. "I was coming home after escorting the Woman's Royal Air Force to the movies, when I heard there was a disturbance under Waterloo Bridge, and what did I do? Why, I dived in on full throttle and two whisky-and-sodas. When I got to the scene of the disturbance, I just called 'Waiter' three times. Up came the submarine, the conning tower opened, and out came the crew with napkins at the alert—you see, it was an Italian submarine."

"O'Dowd," yelled the C.O. "you're shooting a line. I read that in the paper."

"So did I, sir," answered O'Dowd.

"But that's nothing," said Willson. "In the last war we used to fish for U-boats with sky hooks and tow them into Dover. It was just like fishing for tunny or swordfish. One of our fellows hooked a whale by mistake."

We had a corking night. Every one had the party spirit. Willson singing his improper version of Tipperary brought the house down. The Barber added to the fun too. All at once there was a lull in the conversation, and we heard him saying, "Oh, boy, she was—she ees the girl most crazy wonderful, and she have the deepest air-raid shelter in the whole of England—profound as a coal mine—you trust the Barber to investigate."

O'Dowd lifted him up by the seat of his pants and stuck him on the table to sing some Polish love songs. Then he went on to a war song. It wasn't much different except that the tears began to run down his cheeks, so some one got on the piano and started up It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow, which saved the situation.

It was a grand night for all of us. I enjoyed myself so much I didn't write any letters. I hope mother doesn't get worried.

September 24.

COULDN'T eat my breakfast this morning. Hungry enough but I was in such a flap. Seems as if the rough stuff of the war really has begun for me. This killing business has left me cold up till now. Now I'm cold in another way. I'm sick and angry. I'm livid. Yet there's really no reason. Must pull myself together.

Nothing will ever be the same again. Feeling really pipped. When I got back this morning I had no idea anything had happened to O'Dowd. I missed him coming back, of course, but that is nothing to worry about. Then the Barber came in and told me. He was in a mess with three M.E.-110s, and it looked like being a bail-out for him, when O'Dowd dived in, shot one down and broke up the rest. The Barber had used all his ammunition and was heading for home, when he heard O'Dowd say, "By-by, pal," over the R. T. He saw O'Dowd's machine going down at a hell of a lick in a nose dive. There was no smoke or anything.

I still couldn't believe it. It wasn't like O'Dowd not to turn up. We waited till lunchtime, and I felt like hell. Willson brought us the bad news about four o'clock. They had found O'Dowd's machine in a tree near Ashford—he'd been hit in the stomach—just sheer bad luck.

It's awful. Somehow I always felt safe with O'Dowd on the right. How will I feel now with a new fellow? Shows you can't really make plans in this war. I'd got the idea our flight was impregnable.

It didn't seem possible that any of us could go, and they had to get O'Dowd.

Now what am I going to say to Rosalie? I simply can't. I'll get Willson to write. No, I'd better do it myself, but it'll seem brutal. There are no words to break news like that. It's going to be an awful shock. This war certainly has hit her below the belt, but I imagine she'll take it like a Briton. We all can. That's one of the advantages of being Britons: we can take it. I read that an American newspaper fellow said the English were dying on their feet rather than live on their knees. I think he's pretty

near the truth. But what worries me is what this war is doing to the women.

I hate to see women go through it. I remember on our night out there was a topping girl at the Dorchester quite stinko. The waiter told us why. She had just been married and her husband was killed two days afterward, and she didn't dare sober up in case of breaking down. And this is civilization!

But we're doing well. We're on top. We've got the Churchill thumbs-up spirit all right, and how! The net results of Sunday's show, apart from the fact that the R. A. F. got about 160 planes—and possibly a darned sight more—is that I've been recommended for a decoration. It'll be the D. F. C. I'm glad of that for the squadron's sake. We're living up to the record the squadron started in 1917 when it went over and shot the

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As told by him to

ROBERT LOW

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COMING SOON!

AN AMERICAN JOINS THE R. A. F.

Fokker right out of Flanders just when the Hun had real mastery of the air. He's never got near that this war, although he can put about four times the number of fighters in the air that we can; but they really don't have a hope.

Mother will be awfully bucked. Dad got an M. C. and a Croix de Guerre out of the last war, but I would rather O'Dowd had mine and was here to take it. We've been a team so long we've worked with as great a degree of understanding as a football forward line. The Barber did a grand job in Sunday's show, and can that fellow fly! He's rather like a centaur in a Spit, for he's really half airplane and half man. He used to be in the crack Polish cavalry regiment, so that accounts for it; anyhow he's avenging his family all right. He got the fellow who got O'Dowd and he's pretty happy about that—so am I.

September 25.

Another red-letter day for the squadron. We've got the Twirp! Instead of rounding up a lone plane and doing it in, he got knocked off himself by a complete squadron of Spitfires. He had a bodyguard to look after his tail, six above and three below, all M.E.-110s, but they were too far away to help him, and ran like stinko when he went down.

We were going home a bit more inland than usual, owing to the shifting of a defense zone or something. The patrol had been an absolute blank, although there had been a lot of Huns over. At about 10,000 feet we saw an Anson wandering along quite unconcerned, probably on radio training operations. Then out of the clouds to port came an M.E.-110. We knew it was the Twirp directly we spotted the bodyguard. He couldn't have had the slightest idea we were around. He went at the Anson like a hawk. He got to within range just as we opened up on him. I suppose it is the first time that a Hun has been outnumbered. He went to pieces pretty quickly; without even turning to put up a show. He didn't bail out. While the Old Man and some one from B Flight followed him down, we went for the escort, and got two of the lower ones.

There's a trophy for the mess just arrived—a bit of the Twirp's fuselage as a souvenir for the squadron records. We gave him a funeral with the usual military show. I didn't get a look at him, but Willson says he was a most supercilious-looking fellow with a monocle and wearing black silk gloves. They put the monocle back to bury him, so he ought to be happy. I'm glad he won't trouble us any more.

The daylight attacks have slackened a bit. Willson says that means the invasion has stalled, but Churchill has just told the people over the wireless they mustn't slacken their vigilance, as it may come any minute. I think that Sunday walloping will make Jerry think. He can't go on losing nearly 200 planes a day—or pilots, at least.

I'm going to town on Monday to get my medal.

Jerry came over and bombed early this morning. He's making a big effort to find us. The silly devil dropped one right on Ferdinand. Poor old Ferdinand, she was great company, and quite a part and parcel of our little war corner. There'll be no more chewing the cud together. The mess corporal says there wasn't even a good steak left of her. Somehow I'm glad we didn't have beef for lunch today. It wouldn't have seemed right.

O'Dowd and "the Twirp" both gone, what other dramatic turns in his hair-trigger life may Ken expect? And how is he going to direct his course with Rosalie and Viola—to say nothing of Mary Waters? Both honors and troubles loom ahead for this dauntless lad, and next week's Liberty will surprise you with some of them.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

A VERY YOUNG MAN TELLS WHY HE IS AN AMERICAN

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

A BOY SALESMAN for Liberty—his name is Homer Womack Corkill and he sells 40 copies a week on his route—has just won an oratorical contest on Americanism. This contest was conducted by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Corpus Christi, Texas, in a desire to find out what future citizens were thinking about Americanism. Well—and I am very proud of it—here is what young Homer of Texas had to say in his prize-winning essay:

"I am an American because my forefathers chose America above all other places for their homes. I am free to leave America any time I choose, but I need America; because America gives me the kind of life I want.

"In America we rejoice in spacious beauty and busy ways of commerce. Our citizens are bound together, not by bonds of money and profits alone, but by the glow of good will, and the pride of common possessions.

"I am an American because we believe in freedom, freedom to think, freedom to hear, and freedom to act. But our freedom also has a certain degree of responsibility. We can not expect others to assure us of our freedom—we must do our share. We must obey laws, we must be co-operative in our service to our country and our fellow men.

"A long time ago, before I was born, there was a little boy who was very poor, and every night he would lie on the floor by the fireplace and read books. The fire was the only kind of light that he had, but he didn't mind, because he was an American. When this lad was a man he was a lawyer for a few years. Later he became President of this United States. This man's name was 'Abraham Lincoln.' I want to be a citizen of a country which made this possible.

Homer Womack Corkill

"Here in America we have freedom of speech. We may speak the kind of language that we wish, we can say what we please. Also we have freedom of press and freedom of worship.

"America stands today a monument of Liberty among the nations of the earth; I thank God that I am an American."

PRETTY GOOD FOR HOMER, yes? He wrote of matters we all should know. Next week in Liberty the eminent French author, André Maurois, has an important article called What Every Democracy Should Know. The Maurois piece leads an exceptionally well balanced table of contents, including two short stories, Moses Was a Meek Man, by Robert Murphy, and I Saw You Singing, by Roy Hilligoss. There will also be a parade of exciting articles, including Glamour Begins at 80, by Robert Neal Leath; Are California's Japanese "Fishermen" Licked at Last? Advertising Quiz by Mark O'Dea; Devils on Ice; The Patrick Family, by Jack Dempsey; I Am That Adopted Baby, by Shirley Winfield; and Our Flag, by Mary Carolyn Davies.

SALMAGUNDI: Now is the time when pilgrims from all over the United States go to the famous old Mississippi town of Natchez. From March 2 through March 23 of this year, Natchez will be celebrating the tenth annual festival of the Pilgrimage Garden Club. Here is an occasion in which Americans with a sense of historical background can find interest and excitement—with the re-creation of the days of the old South when Natchez was a center not only of culture but of fabulous fortunes. I want to thank Mrs. Mary B. Beane, president of the Pilgrimage Garden Club, for her hospitable invitation and I wish I could be in Natchez during the festival! . . . Spoke recently under the auspices of the American Legion in Muskegon, Michigan; also before the Executives Club in Columbia, South Carolina. . . . Another excellent prison magazine now being sent to me is the Cactus Blossom, published monthly by the inmates of the Arizona State Prison. More power to D. E. Worthen, editor, and Landon C. Haynes, his associate. . . . Books for your "Must Shelf": Four stars and stripes for George Jean Nathan's The Bachelor Life, published by Reynal and Hitchcock. Here is humor that withers the whole human race save only bachelors. Do you want to be told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the underprivileged, the persecuted, the inexcusable class of males called bachelors? George will tell you! He will also tell you hostesses what he thinks of the cocktails you make, the cad! He even discusses the make-up you ladies put on, the way you married men hold your liquor. You will forgive him everything, if only for the praise of one woman, which begins on page 174, and goes on to 180—a tribute that only a great lady could elicit from a great gentleman; one whose acerbities and jaundiced clowning come not from disillusion—what he calls the "merriment of the mind"—but really from a poet's remorse. Or is there no difference? . . . Another four-star book is Seeing Stars, by Charles L. Wagner, impresario for Mary Garden, John McCormack, Galli-Curci, Will Rogers—a treasure of reminiscences about famous people you remember. The story about David Belasco, Lenore Ulric, and Sidney Blackmer is worth the price of the book. . . . Four stars once again for the latest edition of Funk and Wagnalls' Desk Standard Dictionary. Of seven dictionaries near my hand, the Desk Standard is my favorite. In previous editions I have read this dictionary from cover to cover three times; no, I don't remember all its 83,000 terms, but I have met them all. I recommend a page a day of any good dictionary, and especially this excellent one, to any one who would know better our American language. . . . Add horrors of war: Bad poetry sent to Liberty has increased more than one thousand per cent in the last three months; verses earnestly patriotic and unprintable. Percentage of increase of good poetry submitted to Liberty—zero.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY HAROLD ANDERSON

BADGE OF BELIEF

IT'S A SMALL THING on a man's lapel or a woman's dress—but the *Emblem of Liberty* carries a big meaning. A decoration? Yes—but not mere adornment. A decoration in terms of something hard-won, worn with pride, like the ribbon of a medal.

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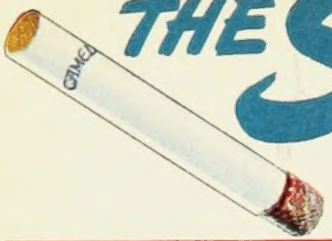

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